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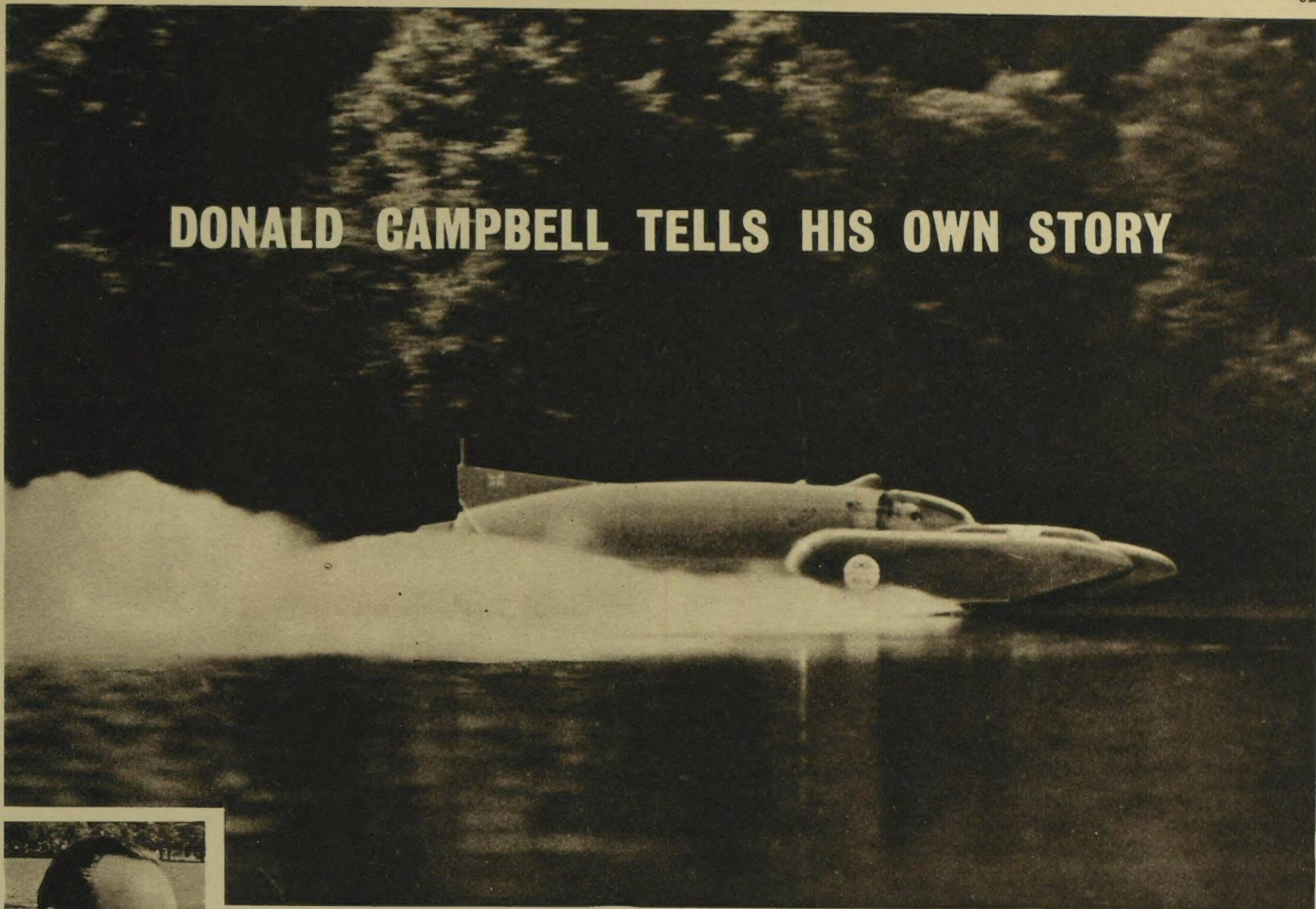
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DONALD CAMPBELL TELLS HIS OWN STORY



'THE SENSATION IS ONE OF SKATING—SILENTLY—AT TERRIFIC SPEED'

How I broke through the 'water barrier'—and lived

by **DONALD CAMPBELL**

Who smashed the world water speed record for the fifth time on November 10th at 248.62 m.p.h.



Donald Campbell stands alongside his record-breaking boat Bluebird on Coniston Water.

EVERYONE knows about the 'sound barrier'. That barrier of shock waves which jet aircraft hit at a little over 750 m.p.h., and which causes the familiar 'bang' in the sky. Not so much is heard about the 'water barrier'. And far less is known about it. What is this 'water barrier'?

HIGH-SPEED PITCHING

The water barrier is caused by factors quite different from those which cause the sound barrier. Mysterious factors that are still not entirely understood. But what happens is this.

Somewhere between 180-240 m.p.h. — the critical speed varies between different boats and might even be higher — violent and rapid pitching sets in. The boat is vibrated up and down many times a second. This puts a tremendous strain on its structure — and also subjects its pilot to severe gravitational loading. Which means that — every time the boat vibrates — his body's weight may momentarily increase to seven times normal.

This is a moment of great danger. The tragic death of John Cobb was caused by the water barrier. Travelling at a speed of 206 m.p.h., his boat Crusader was vibrating 18 inches up and down 7 times a second. It blew to pieces.

200 M.P.H. IN 15 SECONDS

Bluebird was designed from the start to be strong enough to break through the barrier. 20 thousand

man-hours of research work were put in before we even started to build her. A scale model with a rocket motor was exhaustively tested. The result? Bluebird is one of the strongest craft — boat or aircraft — ever built, taking into consideration her size and her weight. We estimate that she is capable of withstanding *twice* the stress to which she is subjected in record-breaking runs.

Another point about Bluebird. Her acceleration. Apart from one or perhaps two aircraft, *Bluebird accelerates faster than any other craft ever built. At 95% of full power, she will reach 200 m.p.h. in 15 seconds!*

FINGER LIGHT

How did it feel to hurtle across Coniston Water at record-breaking speed in Bluebird?

The sensation is always one of skating — silently — at terrific speed. That's on calm water. If the water is disturbed, it's like riding in a springless car with solid tyres over cobblestones.

There was plenty to do and think about. Take steering. Bluebird at speed is the most delicate thing a man could hope to handle, and like lightning in her response to the controls. The touch of a finger

will alter her course.. Then there are instruments to watch — and watch closely, because safety depends on them. Air speed indicator, water speed indicator, rev. counter, jet pipe temperature, stress meter, fuel pressure gauge. Radio contact to be kept. All this to be done with incredible rapidity. Because, remember, it takes only 50 seconds from the start of a fast run to the moment I'm ready to step on shore again.

A NEW RECORD

Naturally I'm proud and happy to have managed to break the world water speed record for the fifth time. I meant to top 245 m.p.h. this time and I've done it. And I'm more than grateful to everyone who helped to make this possible. To Leo Villa my chief engineer. To all the others who worked with me. And to The British Petroleum Company whose fuels and lubricants were used for Bluebird's successful run.

Future plans? Bluebird can go even faster. With the experience we now have Leo and I are sure of it. In 1960 I'm planning to do 300 m.p.h. in her. Not only that. In the same year I want to have a crack at the land speed record. And raise that to 400 m.p.h. So here's to 1960!

The British Petroleum Company whose fuels and lubricants were used in Bluebird, congratulates Donald Campbell on his record-breaking achievement.





Glass upon glass tells the same story

The preference for "Black & White" Scotch Whisky becomes daily more apparent. Glass after glass confirms its superb quality and flavour. "Black & White" is blended in a special way from selected individual whiskies. From this blending secret stems the distinctive character which earns so much praise and gains so many new friends.

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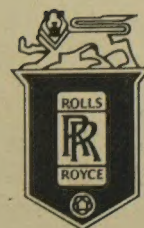


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What's the rhythm in Rio?

As you walk down the purple evening canyon of the Avenida Rio Branco in Rio de Janeiro, you may hear softly exultant music flowing out like a streamer from a night club. Along the sea-front enchanted moonlight gleams in the folding surf. And up in the jagged black mountains, a different rhythm, a different picture; drill-rattle, rock rumble, air-hiss. Mining. For where the cactus breaks ground like iron, there are rich and varied mineral deposits.

There is a connection between the Avenida Rio Branco and the distant places where men mine and carve roads from living rock, for in the Avenida is a technical representative of the Holman Organisation. And to people who use pneumatic equip-

ment that is important, for Holman machines are famed for their ability to work hard and long without let-up. They cut running cost to rock bottom: running cost that is the *real* cost of pneumatic equipment.

In Rio, in three other Brazilian centres and in eighty-odd other countries, there is a Holman Organisation staffed by consultants qualified in every industry where pneumatic equipment is used. And back at Camborne, there is the Holman mine where every mining tool is tested under operational conditions.

With all this behind it, is it any wonder that every Holman tool repays its initial cost many times over during its long life?



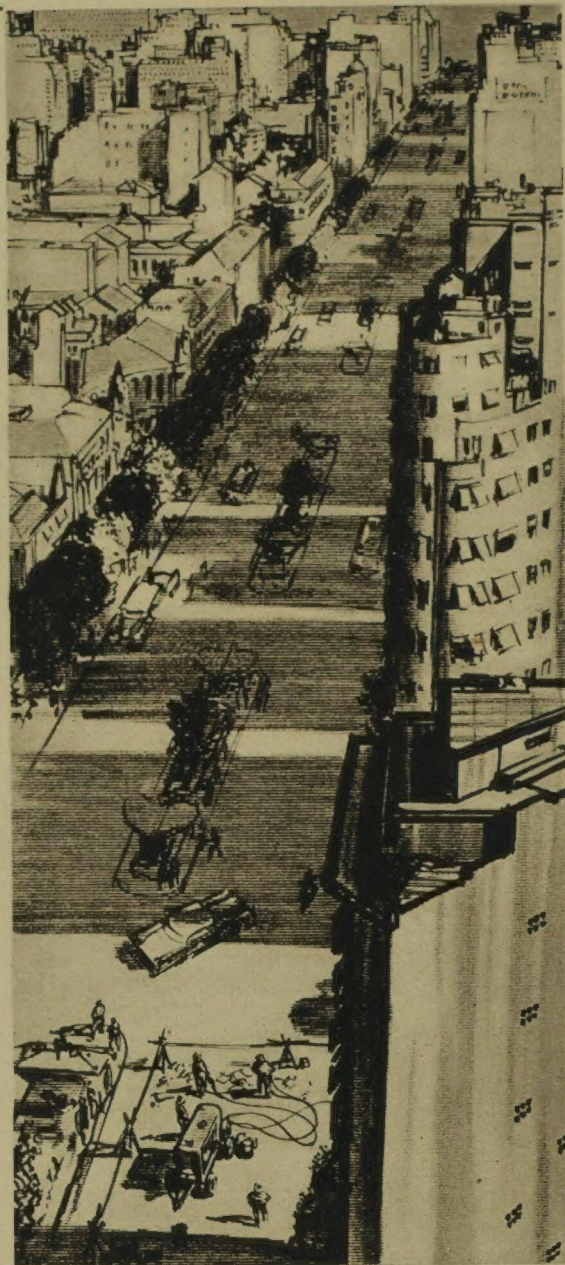
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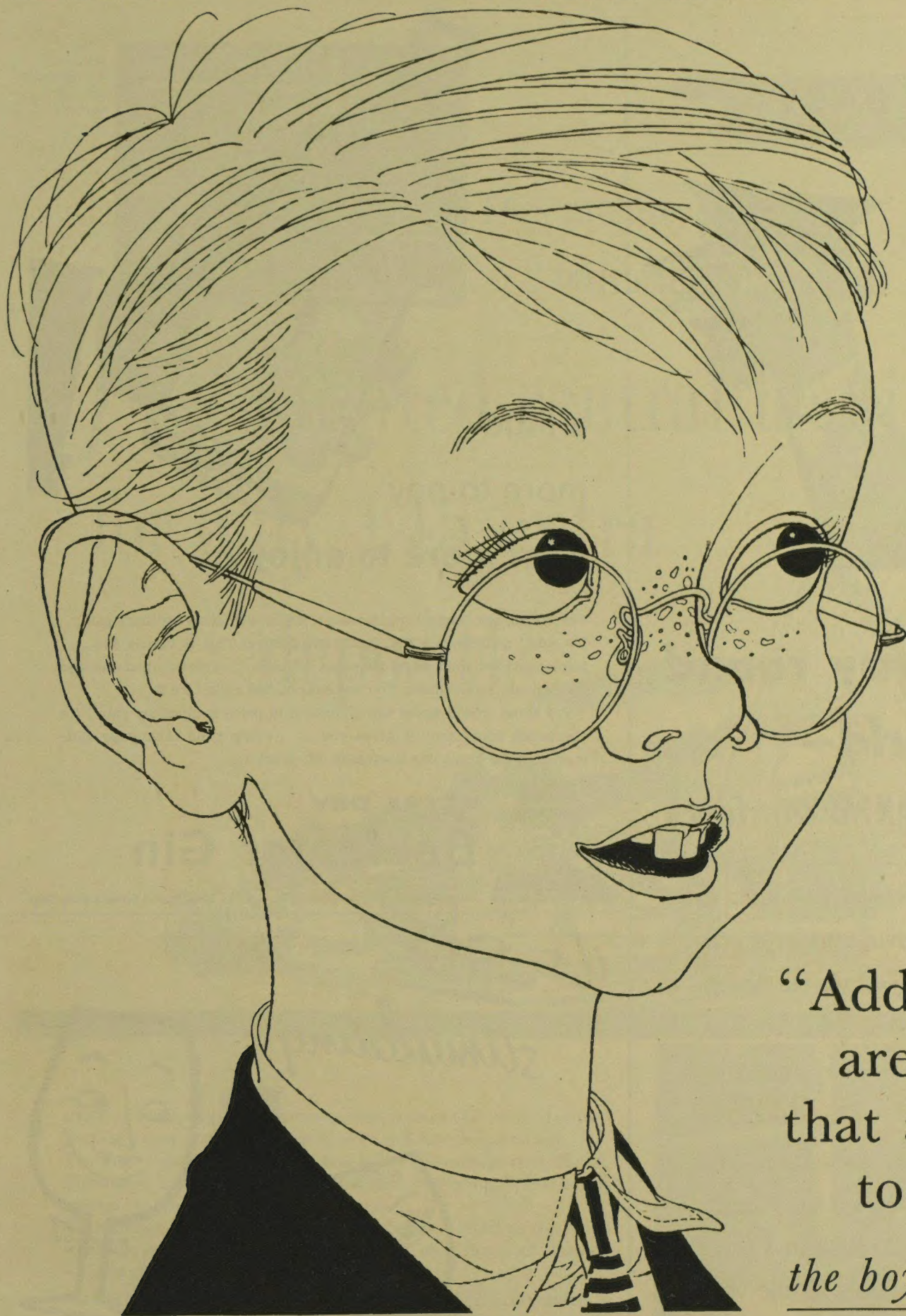
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are things
that are added
to things...”

the boy's a genius

It sounds simple enough. To add special qualities to a motor oil, you just... well... add things to it.

Simple? It was revolutionary! Shell X-100 Motor Oil was welcome news for every motorist. Here was a new *kind* of oil, doing things no oil could do before — and all because of remarkable chemical additives. Additives to fight acid corrosion, major cause of engine wear; additives to keep engines clean and free from clogging deposits; additives to enable oil to

withstand the sterner demands of modern high-compression engines.

Even more remarkable, perhaps, is the latest development — additives which actually affect the way oil behaves in heat and cold. As every schoolboy knows, oil tends normally to thicken in cold and thin out as it gets hot. But with these additives, oil stays free-flowing even in freezing cold and toughly protective in boiling heat. It becomes “Multigrade” — several grades in one — just right

at all engine temperatures. Thanks to Shell X-100 Multigrade, motorists start easily on winter mornings, warm up more quickly and use less petrol in their everyday driving.

Shell has played a leading part in introducing additive motor oils which have contributed to the long life and reliability of today's engines. Here is another example of Shell research at work developing the better products a changing world demands.

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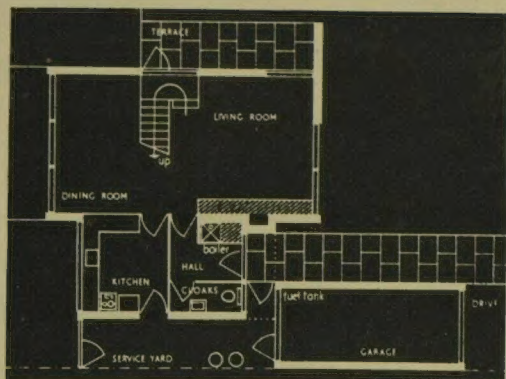
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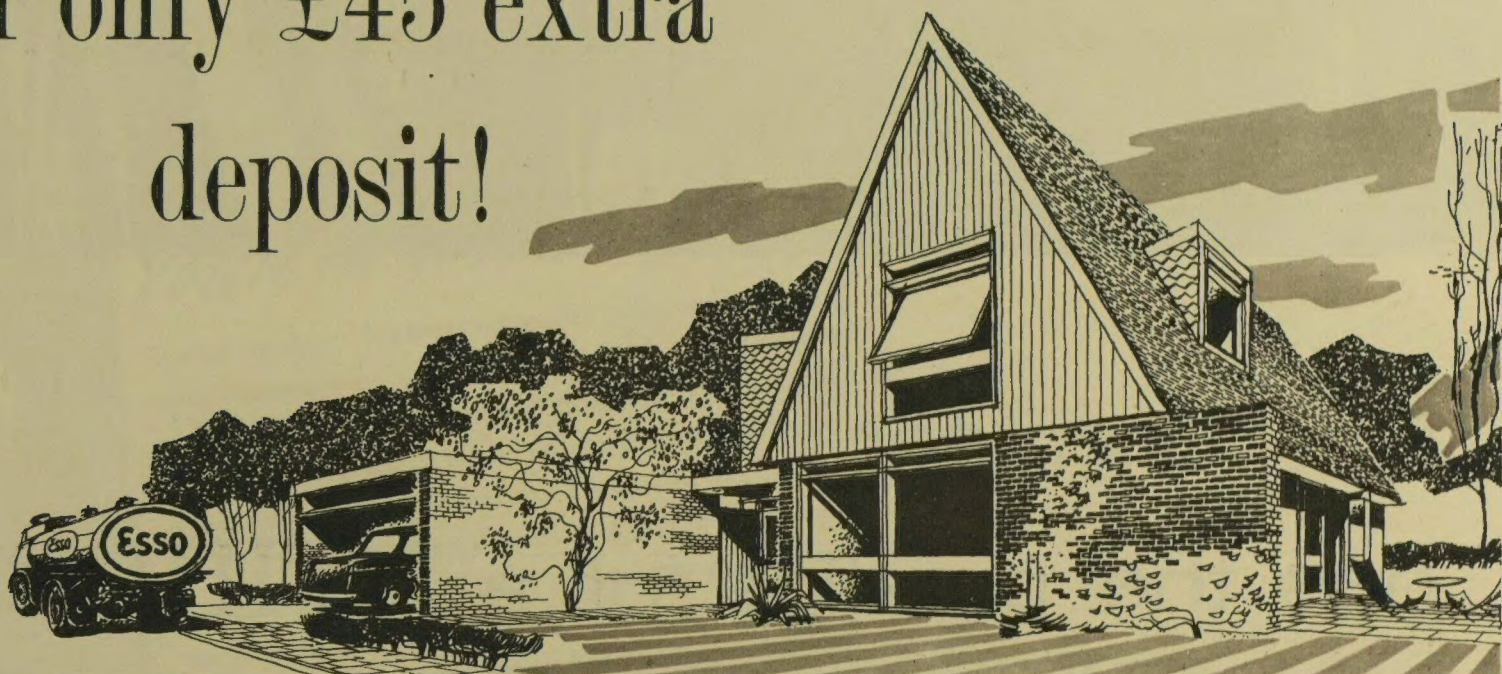
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Brizard**

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Wells & Hickman
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This architect-designed
3-bedroom house with

oil-fired central heating for only £45 extra deposit!



HERE, IN THIS CHARMING MODERN HOUSE, is proof that oil-fired central heating is now within the reach of more and more home-buyers.

The total construction costs of this house are estimated at £3,500. This figure includes £300 for the cost of installing an oil-fired boiler, storage tank, and central heating system.

That means, with an 85 per cent mortgage, the deposit on this house would be only £45 more than the deposit on a house of this size without central heating!

FLEXIBLE, ECONOMICAL The oil-fired central heating incorporated in this design can be the warm-air duct system or the more conventional radiator or skirting-board convector systems.

The installation is planned to heat the living-room, dining-room, hall, bathroom and all three bedrooms. But there's no need to heat them all at once. The temperature of each room can be individually controlled, so the system is quite flexible and, therefore, more economical to run.

CLEAN, WORK-FREE Oil-fired central heating is so much *cleaner*, too. You don't even see the fuel. It is piped directly into the boiler from a storage tank outside the house. You don't lift a finger except to turn a thermostat control whenever necessary. Your local Esso Agent/Distributor can deliver fuel to your home on 24 hours' notice.



If you are thinking of building, buying or converting, there is a publication on oil-fired central heating, 'Warmth in the Modern Home', that will give you further details. This publication is available to you, free on request; write to: Esso Home Heating Department, AR, 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW1.



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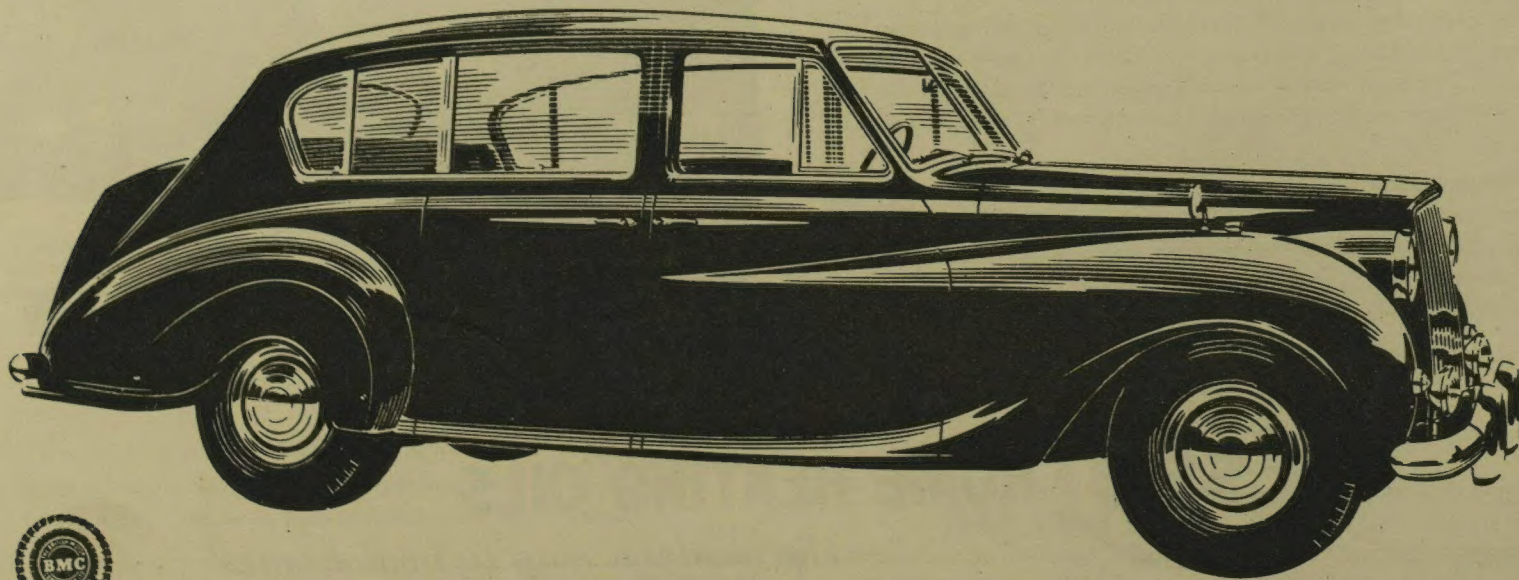
The long-wheelbase Princess is the town carriage of a great number of people to whom prestige is essential. They include Royalty, heads of state, ambassadors, top professional men, and the directors of internationally important enterprises.

These men and women have chosen the Princess because it answers all their needs *exactly*. They like its gracious lines, its mechanised perfection, and the scrupulous

finish of its Vanden Plas coachwork. They relish its big-car speed, roominess and superb comfort. And they appreciate the special equipment which includes power-operated steering and servo-assisted brakes. But above all, they have chosen the Princess because it has a prestige which no other car confers in equal measure: prestige without ostentation.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1958.



ONE OF THE SWISS MERCHANT NAVY'S ONLY TWO STEAMSHIPS: AGROUND OFF BERWICKSHIRE.

On the night of Saturday, November 15, the Swiss cargo ship *Nyon* grounded hard on the rocks of Meg Watson, near St. Abbs Head, on the Berwickshire coast. *Nyon* is one of the only two steamships in the Swiss Merchant Navy. Weighing 9500 tons, she was cradled on rocks below sheer cliffs during a journey between Leith and Dakar. She rammed the rocks during a thick mist, and was holed in both bows and damaged amidships. During the early part of last week the crew of thirty-three were trying to plug the holes with tons of cement landed on *Nyon* from a fishing-

boat. On the night of November 19, Captain Fredrich Klein, of *Nyon*, signalled for immediate aid and three tugs and the St. Abbs lifeboat stood by: a heavy swell had buckled and breached the hull of *Nyon*. Later Captain Klein asked for the lifeboat to take his personal baggage, some of the ship's papers and the crew's gear ashore. Experts then feared that *Nyon* would become a total loss. At the end of last week they were suggesting that the ship might have to be cut in half. Mr. Alex Nisbet, secretary of the St. Abbs lifeboat, said: "The fore part of the ship is doomed."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WINTER on the farm is a cold, dark business.

The townsman has little idea what it means to ensure that his bottled milk arrives safely on his doorstep punctually every morning. I cannot speak of the work of the distributor, of which I know nothing, but on the West Country farm in which my own small stake in our great agricultural industry is invested, work begins at six o'clock or earlier, even on the dreariest December or January day. Twice a day without fail, forty or fifty cows have to be assembled and milked; the elaborate arrangements for ensuring cleanliness of milk and milking-premises have to be carried out, involving formulas of work and habit almost as complex on their small scale as the routine of getting a battleship to sea or an aircraft into the air; the production of every cow has to be recorded; the milk taken by tractor or lorry to the collecting-station; the cows driven out to their day's allotted stint in the kale field, and their hay, silage and concentrates brought to them. And in the intervals of this twice-daily ritual, begun in the dark and carried out faithfully without fail in every kind of weather, the multifarious work of the farm has to be done; the cultivations made, the muck carted, the hedges laid and trimmed, the ditches cleared, the fences erected or moved, the machinery repaired and kept in running order, and a hundred matters, both agricultural and administrative, attended to. And once a year every cow on the farm has to be got in-calf and nine months later delivered of her calf, with all the attendant risks and complications. The skill, diligence and conscientiousness of those who do the nation's farming never ceases to amaze me; if everyone in this country worked as well and asked as little for themselves in return, we should have little need to fear for the future economic prosperity of Britain. At the heart of such men's work and of their service to the community is the sense of responsibility that the care of animals evokes in man: the knowledge that the beasts he tends are completely dependent on him and but for him would starve. The town worker can neglect his task or go on strike without feeling that he has done anything shabby or mean; the farm-worker knows that if he does such things, the dumb and helpless creatures in his charge will perish. And, whatever the demands of his own selfish interests, he does not fail them. He is a man of honour; for all his muddy boots and rough, stained hands, of the highest honour. My old friend, Mr. A. G. Street, writing of an agricultural labourer of the old school, described him, in the title of one of his novels, as "the Gentleman of the Party." He could not have chosen a truer description.

Nor do farmers themselves lack comparable qualities; the land is apt to discipline to duty and

virtue all her servants. Responsibility to the land is the hallmark of any man fit to be a farmer, and most British farmers, in my experience, pass that test with flying colours. There are many small ones, particularly in the rainy West, who have a hard struggle to do so, and who lack the capital to take long views, but their love of their acres, whether owned or rented, is very real, and they give them a service as devoted as any soldier gives his regiment or sailor his ship. The better the farming, the more it exacts from the man who practises it; in ordinary times, when the margins of profit are very small, there is no single road or short cut to a farmer's livelihood. The essence of good farming is mixed farming and, *par excellence*, what our ancestors of the early

A CONTROVERSIAL DESIGN FOR A MEMORIAL.



A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL AT LONDON AIRPORT OF THE PIONEER CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC BY THE AIRSHIP R.34. WIDESPREAD OPPOSITION TO THE DESIGN WAS EXPRESSED RECENTLY IN A HOUSE OF LORDS DEBATE.

The Earl of Home, Leader of the House of Lords, undertook to inform the Minister of Transport of the many unfavourable criticisms of the above design which were expressed during a debate in the Upper House on November 20. The Minister of Transport had given approval for the erection of a statue of this design at London Airport. The memorial is designed by the well-known British sculptor, Mr. Lynn Chadwick, and is intended to be in bronze and 14 ft. in height. The work was commissioned by the Air League of the British Empire and approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission. The R.34 made its pioneer Atlantic flights—the first east to west crossing by air, the first double crossing by air and the first airship crossing—in 1919.

and mid-nineteenth century, who practised it, called "high farming." It consists of using every part of nature—earth, plant and beast—to the maximum extent compatible with the health and well-being of the whole to feed and stimulate some other part. The waste-products of the animals are used to fertilise the land and, by doing so, produce better crops of grain and roots and grass; the soil enriched by these waste products and by the well-regulated cropping of the grass supports more animals who, in turn, further enrich the fertility of the soil. The circle of progressive wealth is continuous, but to achieve it calls for unrelenting labour and enterprise, and the very highest skill. And the risks, and disappointments, involved are frequently enormous. Only the knowledge that it is what the land, and its plants and beasts, require and deserve, can keep a man consistently to the sticking point. Without this he is sure to tire and fall by the way.

It is, above all else, the sense of personal responsibility that the ownership or occupation of land can give that is its supreme value as an instrument of social machinery. It causes men to identify themselves with the earth and to make its enrichment the means not only of their own enrichment, but of their satisfaction and self-respect. Instead of exploiting the land—mankind's chief inheritance—they serve it. They plant and tend trees, they work and manure and re-till the topsoil—the earth's precious womb—they drain and ditch and fence and hedge, build tracks and roads and bridges, build barns and granaries, make the corner of the earth entrusted to them fair and fruitful. To make two blades of grass grow where one grew before becomes their

pride and happiness; for this they are ready to make great efforts and great sacrifices. There are bad landlords, bad farmers and bad husbandmen, and there always have been. But in this fortunate island they have always been outnumbered by the good, which is why our countryside—alas! fast being swallowed to-day by unproductive townland—is so rich and fertile. It is where, under tyrannical forms of government, private ownership and tenancy of land has been rendered insecure and unprofitable that the earth has become desert; men will only serve nature when they are given reasonable continuity and security of tenure. I do not believe that nationalisation of the soil can ever lead to anything but exploitation of the soil and neglect of it; slave labour can make a pyramid, but it could never have made a countryside like Kent or the Medoc. The earth responds to love, not rape; the shame, waste and destruction of the African Groundnuts Scheme was a contemporary illustration

of how disastrously man's chief heritage can be impaired when the control of the soil is vested in the hands of those divorced from it and who have never endured its salutary discipline. To wed the individual, with his instinctive and divine capacity for creation and self-dedication, to earth with all its latent and un-awakened potentialities for fruitfulness is the first business of the statesman; it was this that the early Saxon kings and chieftains did when they made their primitive settlements on the cold clay of this island that their ploughs and ox-dung, sweat and toil and love were presently to transform into the countryside we know. And as one labours in the fields and woods, one feels this sense of the friendly continuity of those who have laboured before one in the same spot and the realisation that the landscape whose love inspires one's work and effort is the creation of predecessors who felt the same love and, because of it, dedicated their lives to the service of the soil.



IN ST. PAUL'S: THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO BE DEDICATED ON NOV. 26 IN THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE.

The American Memorial Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, a tribute from the people of Britain to the American dead of the Second World War, was due to be dedicated—in the presence of the Queen and Mr. Nixon, Vice-President of the United States—on November 26. The ceremony in the Chapel was to be relayed to the large congregation in the Cathedral by means of closed-circuit television—this being the first time closed-circuit television has been used in St. Paul's—and among the congregation next-of-kin who had come from the United States were to be present. The

Queen's reply to the invitation to unveil the inscription in the Chapel was believed to be the first public speech by a reigning monarch in the Cathedral. An appeal for the Memorial was launched in 1945, and the Chapel has been constructed with the aid of the donations of millions of people throughout the United Kingdom. It will house a Roll of Honour containing 28,000 names. The architects for the Chapel are Mr. S. E. Dykes Bower and Mr. Godfrey Allen, and the three windows, each 22 ft. high and 9 ft. wide, are designed by Mr. Brian Thomas.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND A ROYAL PORTRAIT: IN LONDON AND DERBYSHIRE.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, DERBYSHIRE, RIGHT, VISITING AN OPEN COUNTRY PURSUITS CENTRE NEAR BUXTON. During a tour in Derbyshire on November 21 the Duke of Edinburgh visited the White Hall Open Country Pursuits Centre, between Buxton and Whaley Bridge. He saw boys rock climbing (above), learning to ski, canoeing and pitching tents.



AT THE WHITE HALL OPEN COUNTRY PURSUITS CENTRE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO BOYS LEARNING HOW TO SKI.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER DURING HER VISIT TO THE NEW COURTAULD PICTURE GALLERIES IN WOBURN SQUARE, LONDON.

On November 19, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother—unexpectedly accompanied by Princess Margaret—paid a private visit to the new Courtauld Picture Galleries. The Queen Mother has a special interest in the Galleries, as she is Chancellor of London University, to which they belong. The Galleries, which are situated in Woburn Square, are open to the public, and are considered among the most attractive art galleries in London.



PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH SIR ANTHONY BLUNT, DIRECTOR OF THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE, DURING HER VISIT TO THE NEW GALLERIES.



AT THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, LONDON: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT PRESENTING A MEDAL TO MISS BRIDGET CHADWICK. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA PRESENTED AWARDS TO NURSES AT THE HOSPITAL ON NOVEMBER 18.



VISITORS LOOKING AT A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BY EDWARD HALLIDAY AT THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS EXHIBITION. The sixty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, continues until December 20. Among the Royal portraits on view is one of the Duke of Edinburgh by Edward Halliday. A reproduction of the Duke's portrait appears on page 939.



A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE DORCHESTER HOTEL, LONDON, ON NOVEMBER 17, FOR THE BALL IN AID OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY AND CHILDREN'S UNION.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE *BLOODHOUND* MISSILE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (CENTRE OF GROUP, RIGHT) DURING HIS VISIT TO THE R.A.F. GUIDED MISSILES BASE AT NORTH COATES, LINCOLNSHIRE.

On November 19 the Duke of Edinburgh visited two stations of Fighter Command, Patrington and the first Guided Missiles Base at North Coates. At the latter he saw much of the new and largely secret equipment which is installed there and under test, and which forms part of a system designed to make the North Sea impassable to bombers. The principal weapon is the surface-to-air guided missile, the *Bloodhound*, which is seen in our photograph. This missile, which has been most successfully tested in Australia, is believed to be the best of its kind in existence. When fired it rises on its four rockets

to supersonic speed and then ramjets take over, the course being automatically computed and altered until it is within striking distance of its target. It is linked in use with an elaborate warning and control system. After a target has been picked up on the main early-warning radar net it is transferred to the tactical control radar, which displays a lot of relevant information. A local radar later takes over and finally the target-illuminating radar, which is linked with the radar receiver in the missile itself, picks up the target; and from this point the missile itself tracks down and destroys the bomber.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CYPRUS—INDEPENDENCE OR PARTITION?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

FOR the first time in my life I have found myself opposed to the political views of friends and associates. Inevitably, this has led to self-questioning. Am I, among those whose political opinions I have agreed with, the only one left in step over one subject, that of Cyprus? That would be a ridiculous conclusion. I was, however, somewhat comforted the other day after a conversation with a friend who, in general, disagreed with what I had written here and elsewhere about Cyprus, but who, nevertheless, bade me continue speaking my mind. There have been many problems in the last four years connected with this luckless island, but the outstanding one at present is whether the latest British plan is sound and statesmanlike. I have argued that the element of partition, or the likelihood of its developing into partition, is disastrous, to say nothing of the fact that it almost certainly is in breach of the Treaty of Lausanne.

Having only just emerged from this private inquest, I was interested to read an article by a Conservative M.P., Lord Lambton, in the *Evening Standard*, proposing that negotiations should restart without any reservation on the British side that the "partnership" principle was sacrosanct. Briefly, Lord Lambton advocated a scheme of eventual independence and expressed confidence that the Greek Government would co-operate to the best of its ability in furthering such a project. A few days later the Political Correspondent of *The Times* wrote an interesting account of a visit by the Greek Ambassador to a group of Conservative M.P.s at the House of Commons.

The Ambassador was said to have met with "a kind reception" and to have justified this by his moderate and conciliatory attitude. This I can well believe.

In a period when relations between the two countries have become tragically embittered, Greece has certainly sent us the best and most distinguished her Foreign Service can produce, sincere, able, a diplomatist to his fingertips, and, in the background, behind a modest modification of his surname, the reputation of the greatest poet in Greece and one of the greatest in Europe. The article also spoke of the possibility that the Members present were considering a proposal that all prior commitments should be put into cold storage while the matter was examined anew. Nothing may come of all this, but at least it has happened, which would not have been possible quite recently.

One feature of the article that slightly surprised me was the statement that "word had reached" Conservative Back-Benchers of the willingness of the Greek Government last summer to accept the continuance of British Government in Cyprus for a considerable period if elements of partition were cut out of the plan announced by the Prime Minister in June. I was surprised not because I doubted the truth of this version, but because it seemed an extreme example of understatement. It appeared impossible that anyone who has followed the question with attention could doubt that the Greek Government did adopt this attitude.

It seems to me clear that the Greek Government went further than this. It was also prepared to consider making the first objective after a period of British rule one of a genuine advance towards self-government, rather than, as was the original plea, immediate self-determination. It is

true that the Greek Government has not stated that it would be prepared to abandon the principle of self-determination for good and all. This would be altogether too much to ask and impossible for the Government to concede. What it was prepared to accept marked an important concession in the cause of peace and the termination of bloodshed. It may be taken for granted, especially in view of the visit of Mr. Seferiades to the Conservative M.P.s, that this policy still holds good.

The present Greek Government is often reproached by Britons with lack of courage in its dealings with the problem of Cyprus. In fact, a considerable amount of courage has been needed in reaching the policy adopted this year. I give one moderate comment from an Opposition newspaper of standing, *Eleftheria*, on the departure of the Foreign Minister,

appear to put in peril the main principle on which it stood to begin with, and then fails to reach a settlement, it will indeed be gravely weakened. Moreover, it is on the cards that the main benefits in such a case will go, not to the Liberals, but farther left, even to the Crypto-Communists of the extreme Left. I hope the Government would never be induced to play its dangerous last card, withdrawal from N.A.T.O., but pressure for this would be heavy.

For the time being all is clearly well in this respect, because General Dovas was due to leave for Paris on the day these words were written to take part in the conference of the N.A.T.O. Chiefs of Staff meeting to examine policy for the year 1959. It has, however, to be borne in mind that, short of definite withdrawal, Greece might take some further steps to withdraw herself from co-operation in N.A.T.O.'s work. The misfortune would be a double one: loss of the services of a partner which had always taken an honourable part in the duties of the organisation, and increased risk of Communist infiltration at a sensitive strategic point.

I do not mean to exaggerate the importance of the meeting at the House of Commons mentioned above. It would appear that the Conservative group in question was not a large one, and such groups have a tendency to shrink if they incur the disapproval of their party. It is interesting, however, to find a certain number of Back-Bench Conservatives treating this problem objectively. Up to now it has been regarded solely from a party point of view, Conservatives being rigid and overbearing, whereas Labour has been lavish of



THE "CAT" PATROL OUT IN CYPRUS. MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION, ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT, PADDING THROUGH THE DARK NICOSIA STREETS, WEARING CAMOUFLAGE NETTING, RUBBER SHOES AND STOCKING HATS.

The British Army in Cyprus has recently won a number of victories over the terrorists in that island. They have made many arrests and uncovered several stores of terrorist arms. But their most notable victory came last week when they discovered and killed Kyriakos Matsis, aged thirty-two, who was a right-hand man of the terrorist leader, Colonel Grivas, and the leader of EOKA in the northern part of the island. Of much importance is the constant vigilance of the "cat" patrols shown in these photographs. The men of these patrols skim silently across rooftops, leap on to balconies and into gardens in an unceasing search for Cypriot terrorists.

Mr. Averof, on November 15 to take part in the discussion of the Cyprus issue in the General Assembly of the United Nations. I deliberately chose one in no way outrageous.

This [the demand of independence for Cyprus] is an enormous tactical and strategic mistake, particularly after the reception reserved for the Makarios proposition by our rough-necked adversaries.

It is a strategic mistake because it undermines the very basis of the Cyprus cause, which is founded exclusively on the principle of self-determination, as recognised explicitly by the Statutes of the United Nations. It is also a tactical error because we are countering their unmovable position of "partition for Cyprus" with another retreat from our position, although this is dubbed our last concession. In addition, there are some even more abject suggestions.

It must be recalled that the last General Election resulted in a definite, though not a disastrous, swing away from the Government and towards the Left. The Government's achievements had been substantial in most fields. Without the smallest doubt, the failure to find a solution for Cyprus was a factor in the decline of its popularity as shown at the polls. If it now assumes an attitude of moderation, makes concessions which



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ANTI-TERRORIST "CAT" PATROL OUT IN CYPRUS: A PRIVATE IN THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT CLIMBS OVER A WALL ON A GARDEN SEARCH.

promises which some at least in its ranks must have known it could not fulfil. It is neither healthy nor hopeful that this issue, closely concerning British honour and interests, should become so deeply involved in party politics.

It is easy to make a mistake. It is human to feel annoyed if a proposal which has appeared promising is rejected out of hand. It is, however, sheer obstinacy to plunge forward with a scheme manifestly a failure, and something worse than obstinacy when so much is involved as is here the case. The most courageous action which the British Government could now take would be to make a fresh start. It might not be necessary to disavow the "partnership plan" formally. If necessary leave it where it is, but allow it to wither gradually, unlamented.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



SWITZERLAND. RETURNING TO JORDAN: QUEEN ZEINE, WITH HER DAUGHTER, RIGHT, AND KING HUSSEIN'S BABY DAUGHTER. Queen Zeine, the Queen Mother of Jordan, arrived in Amman on November 20, after flying over Syria and following her eighty-day convalescence in Switzerland. She was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Basma, and King Hussein's baby daughter, Princess Aliya.



SUDAN. AFTER TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE AS PRIME MINISTER: GENERAL ABOUD, WHO LED THE RECENT BLOODLESS COUP. General Abboud, leader of the military *coup d'état* in the Sudan on November 17, took the oath of office as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence in the new Government on November 19. General Abboud's Cabinet contains twelve members, including six other Army officers.



(Left.) **AMMAN, JORDAN.** KING HUSSEIN WITH LEADING FIGURES IN JORDAN—SIG. SPINELLI (LEFT), MR. WRIGHT, AND MR. RIFAI (RIGHT). On November 14 Mr. Rifai, Jordanian Premier, gave a dinner—at which the photograph was taken—celebrating King Hussein's safe return. Signor Spinelli is U.N. representative in Amman; Mr. Wright, U.S. Chargé d'Affaires in Amman.



(Right.) **MONACO.** PRINCESS GRACE AND PRINCE ALBERT (IN NATIONAL COSTUME), WHO WERE ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS CAROLINE, AT THE ROYAL PALACE DURING THE CELEBRATION OF MONACO'S NATIONAL DAY ON NOVEMBER 19.



PAKISTAN. MR. DIEFENBAKER'S COMMONWEALTH TOUR: THE CANADIAN PREMIER WITH TRIBESMEN AND A GIFT OF SHEEP NEAR THE KHYBER PASS. During his recent visit to Pakistan, Mr. Diefenbaker was ceremonially presented with three sheep by tribesmen near the Khyber Pass, on the border with Afghanistan. With him was his wife, who is seen to the right.



PAKISTAN. MR. DIEFENBAKER BEING NEARLY SUBMERGED IN GARLANDS PRESENTED TO HIM BY PAKISTANI TRIBAL CHIEFS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NEAR KHARTOUM, SUDAN. WATER HYACINTH—A BEAUTIFUL BUT INVASIVE WATER PLANT—ON THE NILE. IN ARGENTINA, A SMALL FISH, THE BUENOS AIRES TETRA, CONTROLS THIS WEED, BUT IN THE SOUTHERN U.S. SPRAYING IS NEEDED.



WASHINGTON. THE FABULOUS HOPE DIAMOND, WHICH IS INSURED FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS, SHOWN ON DISPLAY AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE. IT WAS ENCLOSED IN A STEEL VAULT WITH A THICK PLATE-GLASS VIEWING PANEL.

Mr. Harry Winston, the well-known New York gem dealer, recently presented the celebrated Hope Diamond to the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, U.S.A. Mr. Winston said that he hoped that this would be the beginning of a national collection which would one day rival that in the Tower of London.



NEW YORK. PICASSO'S EARLY PICTURE ENTITLED "MOTHER AND CHILD" WHICH, AT AN AUCTION HELD RECENTLY AT THE PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES IN MADISON AVENUE, FETCHED £45,285. "Mother and Child," which Picasso painted in 1903, was one of twenty-nine paintings by impressionist and post-impressionist artists from the Arnold Kirkeby Collection which were sold by auction in New York on November 19. Altogether, the paintings were sold for approximately £553,035. An unusual feature of the sales was that record auction prices were established for nine of the painters represented including Picasso, whose "Mother and Child" fetched the evening's highest price. The second highest price was paid for a Cézanne.



TOKYO, JAPAN. JAPAN'S LARGEST TANKER, THE 48,000-TON GOCHO MARU, UNVEILED TO THE PUBLIC IN TOKYO HARBOUR. THE GREAT SHIP IS CAPABLE OF A TOP SPEED OF 17 KNOTS AND WAS CONSTRUCTED AT A COST OF 3.7 MILLION YEN.

(Right.)

MOSCOW. RUSSIA'S LATEST DE LUXE CAR IS PHOTOGRAPHED IN A MOSCOW STREET. IT IS THE NEW ZIL SEVEN-SEATER, WHICH HAS A COMFORTABLE TOP SPEED OF MORE THAN 105 M.P.H. THE CAR HAS VACUUM SERVO-BRAKES AND SERVO-ASSISTED STEERING, AND GADGETS INCLUDING DASHBOARD CONTROL FOR ALL WINDOWS.



FRANKFURT, GERMANY. THE NEW BINOCULARS-CUM-CAMERA WHICH ARE MADE IN GERMANY AND ARE CALLED "CAMBINOX." THE BINOCULARS INCORPORATE A CAMERA WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS.



AMSTERDAM. CYCLISTS SEARCH FOR THEIR MISSING BICYCLES AMONG THE 2500 RECENTLY IMPOUNDED BY THE AMSTERDAM POLICE. THERE ARE 600,000 BICYCLES IN AMSTERDAM AND THEFT OF THEM IS RAMPANT—HENCE THE POLICE ACTION.



ITALY. WORKMEN SHOWN EXCAVATING THE SOIL ROUND THE HULK OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN BARGE UNEARTHED NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER TIBER. While they were doing preliminary work in preparation for the construction of Rome's new airport at Fiumicino, workmen uncovered the site of this old Roman barge. It is 45 ft. long and is believed to have been used to carry freight.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



NEW DELHI, INDIA. A GIFT TO THE CHILDREN OF INDIA FROM A GERMAN FIRM: A MINIATURE RAILWAY, WHICH RUNS IN THE NEW RECREATION GROUND FOR CHILDREN, RECENTLY OPENED BY MR. NEHRU.



CYPRUS. OUTSIDE THE NICOSIA N.A.A.F.I.: A GUARD STANDS WITH RIFLE AT THE READY AS BRITISH SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN, WITH THEIR CHILDREN, CLAMBER INTO AN ARMY TRUCK.



WEST BERLIN. THE FIRST AMERICAN CONVOY TO PASS THROUGH THE SOVIET ZONE (ON NOVEMBER 17) AFTER THE STOPPAGE AT BABELSBERG ON NOVEMBER 14. During the tension which resulted from the Russian announcement that they intended to take steps to liquidate the occupation statutes, the stoppage of an American convoy at a Soviet check-point on November 14 was thought to be a warning of a possible blockade of Berlin. On November 17, however, another U.S. convoy passed through the Soviet Zone without incident.



CYPRUS. GREEK-CYPRIOT GIRLS ARE FORCED TO WEAR LOCALLY-WOVEN DRESS MATERIALS BECAUSE OF EOKA THREATS: A SIDE-EFFECT OF TERRORISM. There are many odd side-effects to the EOKA terrorist campaign in Cyprus. Much is written of the terrorist murders, but little of the minor inconveniences caused to the people of Cyprus by EOKA. One such inconvenience is shown in the picture above. Cypriot women are being forced by EOKA propaganda to wear locally-produced materials instead of the cottons and linens which were formerly imported from England.



(Left.) ROME. EN ROUTE FOR NICE AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY A SAUDI ARABIAN BODYGUARD IN CAIRO: THE BEGUM AGA KHAN.

On the night of November 17-18, in Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, the Begum Aga Khan, the French-born widow of the late Aga Khan, had to struggle for her life when attacked in her bedroom by a Saudi Arabian. The latter, a newly-arrived bodyguard of the five-year-old son of Prince Abdullah Ibn Saud, apparently entered her suite by mistake and thought that the Begum had kidnapped the little prince. Following a struggle in which she was badly bruised, she was rescued eventually by hotel staff. After about a month at Cannes she is to go to Aswan to supervise the final touches of the Aga Khan's mausoleum (right), which is due for completion early next year.



ASWAN, EGYPT. NOW NEARING COMPLETION, THE MAUSOLEUM FOR THE LATE AGA KHAN, STANDING ON THE CREST OF THE HILL ABOVE THE VILLA, WHERE THE AGA KHAN'S BODY MEANWHILE RESTS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT) WALKING AMONG THE GRAVES OF THE COMMONWEALTH MILITARY CEMETERY IN ADDIS ABABA.



AT GUENTE LEOL PALACE, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS VISITED THE EMPEROR: AN IMPERIAL PET LION WATCHES FOR THE ARRIVAL OF HIS MASTER'S GUESTS.



A PET LION OF THE EMPEROR OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN ADDIS ABABA. ON THE BALCONY, MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

ETHIOPIA. THE VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived by air in Addis Ababa on November 14 at the beginning of their six-day visit to the mountainous African state of Ethiopia. The Duke of Gloucester had last visited Ethiopia for the coronation of the Emperor, Haile Selassie, in 1930. After their arrival, the Duke, wearing Field Marshal's uniform, and the Duchess visited the Emperor at Guente Leoul Palace, and later, the Duke placed a wreath at the Liberation Monument in Addis Ababa, afterwards meeting the students of University College. On the following day, the Duchess was received at the Addis Ababa English school, while the Duke went on a duck shoot, afterwards lunching at the Emperor's country house, which is named after the residence near Bath which he occupied during his exile in England. On November 16, the Duke visited the cemetery where members of the Commonwealth forces killed during the liberation of Ethiopia from the Italians in 1940-41 lie buried. Following their visit to Ethiopia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester made a State visit to British Somaliland, arriving there on November 19.



AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WITH THE EMPRESS OF ETHIOPIA.



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WITH THE EMPEROR, HAILE SELASSIE, AT A DINNER AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

RELIGIOUS REFORM AND POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

"THE REFORMATION, 1520-1559". THE NEW CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY, VOLUME II. EDITED By G. R. ELTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE Reformation, on its material side, may be said to have influenced Europe in two ways: it finally put an end to the theory of a universal Church of which the Holy Roman Emperor represented the temporal arm, and it introduced fresh causes of discord based on ideological grounds. A French Catholic, for example, came to feel that he had more in common with the Spain of Philip II than with his Huguenot fellow-countrymen, and he would for that reason be willing to aid those whom in different circumstances he would have regarded as the bitterest foes of France; similarly, the Huguenots were quite willing to call their English co-religionists to their assistance in spite of the terrible example of a similar act on the part of the Burgundians in the Hundred Years' War in the previous century. There were, indeed, few countries in Europe which were not, at any rate for a time, split into two camps.

Such is the story which is told in this, the second, volume of the New Cambridge Modern History, and the third to be published. The opening and closing dates are well chosen, for the Reformation began in 1520, while by 1559 the dividing-line between Rome and Reform had in the main been drawn where it has remained down to our own day. The various contributors have approached their task with admirable objectivity, though it must be confessed that on the whole they are a somewhat undistinguished band, and they are drawn from a somewhat limited field. For example, in view of the important rôle played by the nations of southern Europe during this period one might have expected that in a work of this nature their representation would not have been confined to a single Professor from Florence. On the other hand, the editors are to be congratulated on the way in which each contribution fits in with that which precedes and follows it, almost as if the whole work was the product of a single pen.

The disintegrating effects of the Reformation may be said to have made themselves felt as early as the Diet of Worms so graphically described in these pages by Professor Rupp, of Manchester University:

Luther stood under the flaring torches, before the majesty of the Empire embodied in the pale, grim, forbidding countenance of the young Emperor Charles V; face to face, too, with the Christian nobility of the German Empire to whom he had but recently so poignantly appealed. There seems to have been an exchange of argument between Luther and the Imperial official, John von Eck. Luther then gave his answer. He must distinguish between his writings. Those of edification he ought not and need not retract. The writings against the papal tyranny he must not revoke. . . . Very sharply, the Imperial official demanded a straight answer, "without horns or teeth," and swiftly Luther flung back at him the iron defiance. He would not recant, "for it is neither safe nor right to act against one's conscience. God help me. Amen."

It was one of the turning-points of history.

The second really important event covered by this volume is the abdication of Charles V. The vicissitudes of his reign and his many commitments had aged him before his time, and in 1555 he took the first step in relieving himself of the responsibilities that were proving too much for him. "Fortune is a strumpet," he declared, "and reserves her favours for the young," so he handed over the Netherlands to his son Philip, who was already King of the Two Sicilies and Duke of Milan, and, since his marriage with Mary Tudor, King of England. In the following year the crowns of Spain and the Indies were also transferred to Philip, while in 1558 Charles secured the election

of his brother, Ferdinand, as his successor in the Empire. When all this had been done, the greatest monarch in the world betook himself to the seclusion of the monastery of Yuste, in Estremadura, where he died in the same year at the age of fifty-seven.

The immediate results of this division of the Habsburg territories were to constitute the major problem of European politics for the next 150 years, and the ultimate consequences were to make themselves felt to a still later date. Spain under Philip II had to meet the liabilities which Charles had incurred on her behalf. In particular there was the *damnosa hereditas* of the Low Countries, which were a perpetual source of weakness,

This volume takes the story of the Reformation down to the conclusion of the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis between France and Spain, and this settlement may be said to have marked the end of that period in European history which began with the French invasion of Italy in 1494, and in which France had been continually the aggressor. Yet all she had to show for a vast expenditure of men and money were Calais, Metz, Toul and Verdun; she was surrounded by Habsburg territory on all sides, and Philip was undisputed master of Italy. The effort to secure the first place had also proved too much for her, and for a generation France was to be a prey to internal dissension to an extent which recalled her experiences in the Hundred Years' War. Spain, it is true, emerged the victor, but the price which she had to pay was the sacrifice of her true interests. In these circumstances it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the residuary legatees of the long struggle were the Protestants and the Turks.

In these circumstances the chapter by Mr. Parry, of London University, on the Ottoman Empire is at once welcome and adequate. It is impossible to interpret the politics of Central and Western Europe without an understanding of the threat from the East which for more than two centuries hung over Christendom like a thundercloud. We know that Asia was not destined to advance beyond the walls of Vienna, but our forefathers possessed no such happy certainty. At the same time there were definite limitations to the Ottoman power, though these were not as obvious to contemporaries as they were to be to posterity. The Sultan had but one arm; it was truly a long arm and a strong arm, yet it could only reach a fixed distance, and it could strike but one blow. There was only one army, and so there could be only one serious war. If, while war was in progress on one frontier, conditions became critical on the other, it was necessary to make peace on what terms could be had, and carry the army to the extremity of the empire. Thus, Suléyman the Magnificent came to terms with Charles V in 1533, and with Ferdinand in 1547, in order to be free to act against Persia; had either Habsburg wished to go back on his word he could have marched to Constantinople with very little opposition. Furthermore, had the Ottoman standing army been divisible, or separable from the person of the monarch, the Sultan could have kept up a steady pressure on both fronts, and considerably extended his frontiers both to east and west.

Finally, it is particularly pleasing to find that the editors have included an admirable chapter on "Armies, Navies, and the Art of War," written by Mr. J. R. Hale, of Jesus College, Oxford. This aspect of history is so often ignored, and yet it is extremely important, for the perfection of a new weapon, or the adoption of new tactics, have not infrequently had revolutionary political consequences.

When this book ends, the consequences of the Reformation were exercising their full influence upon both national and international politics. In France, the death of Henry II ushered in a period of religious strife, while in the British Isles

many an old political landmark temporarily disappeared; England had less to fear from foreign intrigue in Scotland, but a great deal more in the case of Ireland. Yet, as was again to be seen after the French Revolution, once the waters began to subside, the old landscape reappeared, changed in some respects, but still easily recognisable. Values had been transformed, and new catchwords took the place of old in the mouths of the politicians, but the attitude of the various Powers towards one another was not for long vitally affected.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 961 of this issue.



"H.R.H. PRINCE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN GARTER ROBES": A NEW PORTRAIT BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY, R.P., P.R.B.A.

This new portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh, which shows him in Garter robes over the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force, is destined for the Mess of the R.A.F. Technical College at Henlow and it is being exhibited between November 21 and December 20 at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. The portrait, which measures 8 ft. by 5 ft., was begun in March this year at Buckingham Palace and completed in June; and it is the fifth portrait of the Duke which Mr. Halliday has painted, one of the others being in the possession of H.M. the Queen.

and whose inclusion in the Spanish dominions it is impossible to defend. Their possession entailed the control of the sea-route through the English Channel, and as England grew in power this became increasingly more insecure. As if this were not enough, the occupation of the Netherlands by Spain was regarded with considerable disfavour in London, where the domination of the Low Countries by a Great Power has always been resented; this in its turn resulted in the harrying of Spanish America by English adventurers, and English assistance to the enemies of Spain in all parts of Europe. Charles V, on his abdication, sowed a fine crop of dragons' teeth.

* "The Reformation, 1520-1559." The New Cambridge Modern History, Volume II. Edited by G. R. Elton. (Cambridge University Press: 37s. 6d.)

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE IN A NURSERY OF CLIMBERS: A BUDDHIST REVIVAL IN THE SHADOW OF EVEREST— WITH A STRANGE ECONOMIC BACKGROUND.

By **CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF**, *Professor of Asian Anthropology at the School of Asian and African Studies, University of London.*

(All photographs copyright, Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf.)

FROM the beginning of the Christian era until the fourteenth century, the Nepal Valley, with its three Newar cities of Kathmandu, Patan and Bhatgaon, was one of the great centres of Buddhist learning and art. Pilgrims and scholars from India and Tibet met in the monasteries and temples of Patan, and much of the Buddhist culture of Tibet bears the imprint of those early contacts with the civilisation of the Nepal Valley. But with the destruction of organised Buddhism in India subsequent to the Muslim invasion the people of the Nepal Valley were cut off from the main stream of Buddhist tradition, and the inmates of the great Newar monasteries gradually succumbed to the influence of Hinduism, the religion patronised already by the later Newar kings, and professed with even greater fervour by the Thakuri dynasty, which has been ruling Nepal since the Gurkha conquest of 1768.

But at the same time when in the old centres of Nepalese civilisation Buddhist learning and the Buddhist way of life entered upon a stage of slow decline, a new expansion of Buddhism occurred in a region of Nepal where a flowering of religion and art was perhaps to be least expected. Across the snow-covered passes of the Great Himalayan Range came Tibetan lamas and monks, and settled as hermits or teachers among the yak-herds and hill-peasants of the high country close to Nepal's northern border. The population of these border regions was of related stock, representing presumably an earlier Tibetan overflow into high valleys uninhabitable for any people less well-equipped to stand the rigours of life at altitudes between 10,000 and 16,000 ft. One of the areas where Buddhist culture took root some time in the seventeenth century, and has ever since kept on growing and unfolding, is the mountain district of Khumbu, familiar to those who followed the routes of successive Mount Everest expeditions, but remarkable for its vigorous religious and cultural life no less than for its magnificent mountain scenery (Figs. 2, 3, 8 and 12). The population of Khumbu consists of 2200 Sherpas and more recently immigrated Tibetans distributed over seven villages, among which Namche Bazar (Fig. 13) is the best known, even though not the largest.

All Sherpas are devout Buddhists, and a great deal of time, effort and wealth goes into the celebration of monastery and village rites, the building and construction of temples and chapels, and the adornment of the landscape with religious monuments and sacred texts, carved in large letters into the face of cliffs and the flat sides of boulders. The foundation of the oldest of the temples of Khumbu, situated in the village of Pangboche (Fig. 10), is attributed to Lama Sanga Dorje, believed to have been the first to organise temple ritual in the highland of Khumbu.

In the two or three centuries which have passed since the days of Lama Sanga Dorje, the development of Buddhist institutions was at first slow. Other villages followed the lead of Pangboche by constructing temples, but the development of monasteries, organised on the model of Tibetan institutions, is a comparatively recent phenomenon. The most famous of these monasteries is Tengboche (Fig. 2). Situated on a spur 13,500 ft. above sea-level in full view of Mount Everest, Lhotse (Fig. 3) and Amadablam (Fig. 4), it enjoys a position of unrivalled beauty and magnificence, and few visitors can fail to envy the monks their peaceful life in so inspiring an environment. Its founder did not begin life as an ascetic. Gulu Lama, as his disciples called him, was born to wealthy parents in the village of Khumjung, and though interested in reading and study from an early age, he led the normal life of a prosperous Sherpa, married and begot several children. But after his wife's early death he retired to a hermitage above Khumjung, and gradually gathered a group of religiously-minded men and women around him. Encouraged in his plan to found a monastery by the Abbot of Rongphu, the Tibetan monastery to which all Khumbu looks for spiritual leadership, he finally collected money and helpers to construct the great temple of Tengboche, leaving the building of dwelling-houses to the individual enterprise of lamas anxious to join the new sanctuary.

Built in 1923, the great temple of Tengboche was nearly totally destroyed by the earthquake of 1933. Gulu Lama survived the apparent ruin

of his life's work only for a few days, but the Sherpas of Khumbu were undaunted. Men and money was soon forthcoming to rebuild the great three-storied temple in even grander style, and the best artists of the vicinity (Fig. 19) were called in to paint the frescoes on the walls of porch and halls.

The orphaned community of monks did not have to wait long before their revered leader was reborn. Local belief had it that Lama Gulu himself was a reincarnation of a famous lama, and it was more or less taken for granted that he would once more return to this life. Three years after his death, people in Namche Bazar noticed the unusual behaviour of a small boy, the son of recent immigrants from Tibet.

The child kept on pointing out that his real home was in Tengboche, where he had a house and many possessions. Monks of Tengboche called in to observe the child's behaviour were satisfied of the likelihood of a reincarnation, and recommended that the small boy should undergo the usual tests. Possessions of Gulu Lama were mixed up with similar articles belonging to other



FIG. 1. TELLING HER BEADS AND TURNING A SILVER PRAYER WHEEL: A NUN OF THE NUNNERY OF DEVUJE. SHERPA NUNS OFTEN RETURN TO SECULAR LIFE.

lamas, and the boy was asked to pick out the genuine articles. He did it without hesitation and everyone was convinced that the child was a reincarnation of Gulu Lama. The monks at once offered to take the boy and his mother to Tengboche, and the parents willingly complied.

More than twenty years have since passed, and the reincarnate lama of Tengboche has grown into a young man of learning and dignity (Figs. 13 and 15). After some years of study in various monasteries of Tibet, he recently assumed the full responsibilities of the abbotship. Old and young monks alike accept his authority unquestioningly, and pay him as much respect as he had received in his last reincarnation. Sherpas from near and far visit him in his study, filled with Tibetan books and exquisitely decorated with frescoes and lacquer work; even old men prostrate themselves three times before they bow to have their heads touched and thus receive the young abbot's blessing. No one approaches him without bringing an offering of cash or food, but visitors of standing are in return entertained with buttered tea and fried wheat-cakes (Fig. 13).

With the Abbot of Tengboche live two younger half-brothers. Their father, who returned to Tibet soon after his eldest son's recognition as a reincarnate lama and there took another wife, had two more sons, and one of them was found to be the incarnation of a well-known Tibetan lama (Fig. 7). The boy, a gay child about twelve years old, now studies under his famous half-brother, and the pilgrims acknowledge his status as a reincarnation by bowing to him and inviting his blessing, which he grants in the most natural manner, lightly touching their heads with two fingers.

The nobility and prestige of the religious life seem to exert a powerful attraction on the minds of young Sherpas, and it is mainly the sons of wealthy parents who seek admission to monasteries. For novices and monks are expected to provide for their own subsistence, and their families either supply them currently with provisions and other necessities, or they give them a share of the parental property. This they invest and maintain themselves from the proceeds. A monk is supposed to build or buy his home within the monastery confines, and in places like Tengboche the main temple is surrounded by rows of small houses, each the private property of an individual monk (Fig. 2). Only if a monk is expelled on the grounds of having violated his vows of celibacy does his house fall to the monastery; otherwise he can dispose of it by sale or leave it to a kinsman who has followed him in his calling.

There can be no doubt that many of the monks attain a high degree of serenity, and the general cheerfulness of the atmosphere in a Buddhist monastery is as striking as the aesthetic side of the ritual is impressive even to the non-initiated. It is not easy to conceive of a manner of existence more civilised than that in a Sherpa monastery, and most lamas remain there from choice, though the door of the secular world is always open. With the permission of his preceptor any monk may retract his vows, take a wife and settle in a village either as a married lama or as an ordinary householder.

The religious life does not attract only men. Women, too, may choose the path of celibacy and contemplation, and there are several nunneries where unmarried women and widows live under the discipline of rules similar to those regulating the life of monks. Less than half an hour's walk from Tengboche lies one of these nunneries, founded, like the monastery itself, by Gulu Lama and inhabited by a number of women drawn from Khumbu's wealthier families (Fig. 1). Their small houses (Fig. 5) stand scattered among rhododendrons, pine trees and birches, and pheasants, fearless of humans, can be seen strutting about on the primula-covered meadows. If Tengboche on its open hill boasts of the grandest of sites, Devuje, the nuns' village, enjoys the more intimate atmosphere and richer vegetation of one of the world's most enchanted valleys. Yet, not all of its inmates end their days in these poetic surroundings. A good many of the younger nuns drift into worldly attachments, and finally leave Devuje to settle down as wives and mothers. Buddhist tolerance facilitates their return to secular life, and the first time I visited the elderly abbess of Devuje I found her in animated conversation with an ex-nun and old friend, who was then married to her seventh husband, himself an ex-monk of Tengboche.

Devuje, like Tengboche, is a comparatively new institution, and if we move from the heights of Khumbu into the lower-lying regions of Sherpa land, we find that there, too, monasteries and nunneries are without exception of recent origin. How is one then to explain the sudden proliferation of religious institutions? Has there been some great upsurge of religious feeling, inspired perhaps by a great teacher or reformer? Local tradition and written documents do not reflect any such event, but an analysis of the Sherpas' economic history suggests another and somewhat prosaic explanation. All evidence points to the fact that the introduction of the potato some time during the past hundred years has brought about a revolution in the Sherpas' economic situation. To-day the potato is the main crop and provides ample food for a population at least three times as numerous as that of a century ago. As long as the Sherpas subsisted precariously on scanty crops of buckwheat and the income from yak-breeding, accumulations of unproductive men and women in monasteries and nunneries would have been economically impracticable. Hermits and a few village lamas must then have catered for the people's religious needs, but there were neither spare resources nor spare labour to build monasteries and withdraw an appreciable number of men permanently from the productive process. But with the introduction of the potato all this must have changed. Ideally suited to the cool climate and sandy soils of Khumbu, it provides the Sherpas with a food supply so ample that not only local needs are met, but immigrants from neighbouring districts of Tibet are attracted. Only now has it become possible to set aside resources for the establishment and maintenance of monastic institutions. The religious urge may have existed before and there have always been solitary saints, but only a change in their economy enabled the Sherpas' aspirations to express themselves in the form of large communities of dedicated men and women, as well as in the material and artistic achievements which provide a suitable background for their striving after spiritual perfection.

THE MONASTIC LIFE IN NEPAL: BUDDHIST MONKS AND NUNS OF KHUMBU.



FIG. 2. ENJOYING A POSITION OF UNRIVALLED BEAUTY: THE MONASTERY OF TENGBOCHE, REBUILT AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1933. MONKS' HOUSES SURROUND THE MAIN BUILDING.



FIG. 3. WITH THE GREAT PEAKS OF EVEREST AND LHOTSE RISING IN THE BACKGROUND: A GROUP OF LAMAS AT THE GATE OF THE COURTYARD OF TENGBOCHE.



FIG. 4. THE SMALL BUILDING WITH TINY GILDED SPIRE IS A PRIVATE CHAPEL ATTACHED TO THE HOUSE OF A RICH SHERPA. BEHIND, THE UNSCALED PEAK OF AMADABLAM.



FIG. 5. A ROW OF NUNS' PRIVATE HOUSES ATTACHED TO THE MONASTERY OF DEVUJE. EACH NUN BUYS OR BUILDS A HOUSE FOR HERSELF ON JOINING THE COMMUNITY.



FIG. 6. IT IS CONSIDERED MERITORIOUS TO WALK ROUND A TEMPLE; AND THESE HEAPS OF SMALL STONES ARE THE RECORDS OF INDIVIDUAL NUNS' CIRCUMAMBULATIONS.



FIG. 7. THE BELIEF IN REINCARNATION IS GENERAL; AND THE SMALLER NOVICE HERE, A HALF-BROTHER OF THE ABBOT, IS THE REINCARNATION OF A TIBETAN LAMA.

The area of which Professor Haimendorf writes and in which all these photographs were taken is one familiar to Everest expeditions and is set in some of the world's most fantastically beautiful mountain scenery. The successful introduction of the potato has brought prosperity, which has resulted in a surge of monastic development. As Professor Haimendorf has written:

"In areas without monasteries there is generally a slackening of religious practice and a decline in learning. . . . Such is the position in some areas of eastern Nepal, and more than three weeks' journey from Khumbu I met lamas who had been to Tengboche for study and regeneration because in their home villages they had felt isolated and incapable of spiritual advancement."

Photographs by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf.

WHERE PROSPERITY FROM THE POTATO HAS MONASTERIES: ASPECTS OF A MODERN



(Above)
FIG. 8. AN OLD MONK OF
TENGOBOCHE IN HIS SOLITARY
HERMITAGE AT 15,000 FT.
WITH ITS LOOK-OUT COM-
MANDING A VIEW OF SOME
OF THE WORLD'S FINEST
MOUNTAIN SCENERY.



FIG. 9. THE HERMITAGE OF A SHERPA LAMA WHO HAS WITHDRAWN INTO COMPLETE ISOLATION FOR
A PERIOD OF THREE YEARS, THREE MONTHS AND THREE DAYS.

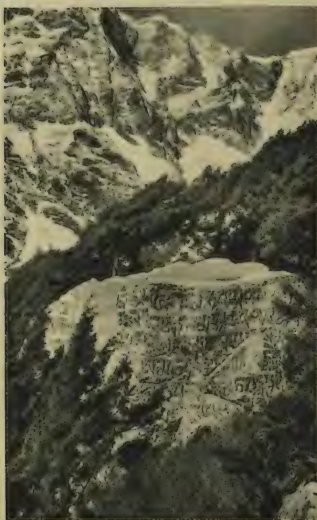


FIG. 11. ONE OF THE MANY SACRED TEXTS ENGRAVED ON ROCKS,
WITH WHICH THE SHERPAS ADORN THE BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPES OF
KHUMBU. THE WORK IS DONE BY LAMAS SPECIALISING IN THE CRAFT.



(Above, right)
FIG. 12. THE YOUNG RE-
INCARNATE ABBOT OF
TENGOBOCHE PRESIDING
AT A SITE IN NAMCHE
BAZAR. IN FRONT OF HIM
ARE BUTTERED WHEAT
CAKES.



FIG. 16. INSIDE THE VILLAGE TEMPLE OF KHUMJUNG, SHOWING THE GILDED IMAGE OF A BUDDHIST
SAINT AND THE SACRED BOOKS, EACH IN ITS PIGEON-HOLE.



FIG. 17. AFTER THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE FEAST OF DUMJIE ARE OVER, THE SHERPA
WOMEN DANCE AT NIGHT IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE VILLAGE TEMPLE.

AS Professor Haimendorf writes in his article on page 940: "The nobility and prestige of the religious life seem to exert a powerful attraction on the minds of young Sherpas, and it is mainly the sons of wealthy parents who seek admission to monasteries." Of their training he has also written: "Every monastic community is organised according to an elaborate system. Below the abbot there is a dignitary who presides at the daily services, another responsible for discipline, one or two monks in charge of the management of the monastery's finances and property, and again others are detailed to play the various wind and percussion instruments at the services. A novice begins his career by serving tea and cooking the food for the communal meals, and gradually rises through the ranks of temple

LED TO A PROLIFERATION OF BUDDHIST RELIGIOUS REVIVAL AMONG THE SHERPAS.



FIG. 10. IN THE SHRINE OF PANGBOCHE, THE OLDEST TEMPLE OF KHUMBU, THE CENTRAL NICHE
CONTAINS A SILVER CASKET OF RELICS OF THE LAMA SANGA DORJE.



(Above, left)
FIG. 14. A MONK OF
TENGOBOCHE TURNING A
PRAYER WHEEL BY A
ROPE IN HIS RIGHT HAND
WHILE HE RECITES FROM
THE BOOK OPEN IN FRONT
OF HIM.



FIG. 15. DURING THE NOCTURNAL RITES OF A TEMPLE FESTIVAL: VILLAGE DIGNITARIES
OF KHUMJUNG SKATED IN FRONT OF THE CONGREGATION IN THE TEMPLE.

musicians, beginning with beating the big drum and ending up with playing a kind of flageolet. Under the guidance of a chosen teacher he studies at the same time the sacred scriptures, learns to recite (Fig. 14), translate and expound one book after the other, and to become proficient in the performance of the various rituals. But more important than these techniques is the practice of meditation and mystic communion with a specific tutelary deity. Those wishing to attain a high degree of perfection may go for long periods into complete seclusion (Figs. 8 and 9); a period of three years, three months and three days of isolation from normal human contacts being the usual preparation for the superior stages of priesthood." (Photographs by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf.)



(Above)
FIG. 11. A SHERPA LAY-
MAN SALUTING A LAMA
OF THE MONASTERY OF
PANGBOCHE. MONASTERY
AND VILLAGE ARE INTER-
DEPENDENT AND IN CON-
STANT INTERACTION.



FIG. 15. THE REBORN ABBOT OF TENGOBOCHE, WHO IS THE FIRST
REINCARNATION OF GULU LAMA, THE FOUNDER OF TENGOBOCHE.
HIS PARENTS ARE HUMBLE TIBETAN IMMIGRANTS.



FIG. 19. THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF KHUMJUNG (SECOND FROM RIGHT) IN HIS HOME, WITH A FRIEND,
AND HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS, ROUND THE OPEN HEARTH.



THE FIRST TWO TURBOJET AIRLINERS TO GO INTO SERVICE ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC: B.O.A.C.'s DE HAVILLAND COMET 4 AND PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS' BOEING 707.

The de Havilland Comet, the first jet airliner to fly (in 1949) and the first to enter airline service (in 1952), came into the public eye again on October 4 this year when two Comet 4s inaugurated the first transatlantic passenger turbojet service. Shortly after this, on November 14, the first daily passenger turbojet service between London and New York was started by two Comet 4s—[following the suspension of the transatlantic Comet service because of the strike at London Airport. The Comet's rival on the Atlantic route, the Boeing 707, had the honour of inaugurating the first daily passenger turbojet service across the Atlantic, however, when the New York—Paris

service was opened on October 26, this service being shortly afterwards extended to Rome. The 707 service between London and New York was begun on November 16, and the frequency of flights on this service was due to be increased to six per week towards the end of this month. The Comet 4 reduces by about seven hours the flying time between London and New York of piston-engined airliners, and by about 11 to 24 hours that of propjet airliners for the same journey, and thus the introduction of the two turbojet airliners is a great step forward in passenger air travel over the North Atlantic. At the time of writing, the record of 6 hours 12 mins. (take-off to touch-down)

set up by the eastward-bound Comet 4 on October 4 was not disputed, and the 707's record of 7 hours 1 min. (airport to airport) for the journey from New York to Paris was also unchallenged. A trial of strength—although not an officially-recognised one—occurred between the Comet and the 707 recently when the two aircraft were flying at the same time between London and New York—a journey taking considerably longer than the eastbound crossing owing to prevailing west winds. On this occasion, the 707, with its more powerful engines, had a flight time of about 7½ hours, which was considerably less than that of the Comet. As can be seen from the drawing,

the 707 can also carry more passengers than the Comet 4, although other versions of the latter, with different seating arrangements, will have enlarged passenger accommodation. The luxurious slumber seats in the forward de luxe cabin are a notable feature of the Comet 4. During the next two years, it is expected that Comet 4s will go into service on B.O.A.C. routes to Japan, Australia, South Africa and possibly to South America. A number of British-engined Boeing 707-420 airliners—larger than the present 707 and powered by Rolls-Royce Conway turbojet engines—will also be taken into service by B.O.A.C. on the North Atlantic route.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A. & A., with the co-operation of B.O.A.C. and Pan American Airways.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XVII. QUEENSWOOD SCHOOL.



GIRLS LEAVING THE BELLMAN LIBRARY, ONE OF SEVERAL MORE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.



ENJOYING THE SUN: A SCENE DURING MORNING BREAK. IN THE BACKGROUND IS TREW HOUSE.



MORNING SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL, WITH, ON THE FAR RIGHT, THE HEADMISTRESS, MISS ENID M. ESSAME. THE HEAD GIRL IS READING THE LESSON.



SCHOOL WORK AND KEEPING ABREAST OF CURRENT AFFAIRS: A VIEW OF THE PREFECTS' ROOM AT QUEENSWOOD.



PREPARING FOR BED: THE SCENE IN A CORNER OF A JUNIOR DORMITORY SHORTLY BEFORE LIGHTS OUT.



UNDER THE HAIR-DRYER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF SOME OF THE GIRLS IN THE SCHOOL HAIRDRESSING ROOM.

Queenswood School is situated on an attractive 420-acre estate near Hatfield, Hertfordshire. It moved here (after a brief period at Swanwick, in Derbyshire, during the First World War) in 1925. The School began in 1894, in Clapham, with nineteen girls under Miss Marian Waller, the first Headmistress. On her marriage in 1897 she was succeeded by Miss Ethel M. Trew, who was Headmistress until 1943. During this time the numbers rose to 330. To-day,

under the headship of Miss Enid M. Essame, M.A., J.P., the roll call totals 390. The first Chairman of the Board of Governors, the Rev. Dr. David J. Waller, was succeeded by the Rev. Marshall Hartley in 1911, then by the Rt. Hon. Lord Stamp in 1927, and in 1941 by Sir Harold Bellman, D.L., J.P., LL.D., the present Chairman. Since 1951 an Old Queenswoodian represents the Association on the Governing Body.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

"EDUCATION FOR LIFE": SCENES OF STUDY AT QUEENSWOOD.



MISS ENID M. ESSAME, THE HEADMISTRESS, HOLDING A DISCUSSION GROUP WITH PREFECTS IN HER STUDY.



IN THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK: A DISCUSSION AMONG SENIOR GIRLS, BEING CONDUCTED BY THE HEAD GIRL, LEFT.



IN ONE OF THE MODERN LABORATORIES: GIRLS DOING AN EXPERIMENT TO STUDY THE BEHAVIOUR OF LIGHT RAYS.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE: GIRLS CARRYING OUT A VARIETY OF OPERATIONS DURING A PRACTICAL COOKERY LESSON.



STUDYING HUMAN BONE STRUCTURE: GIRLS EXAMINING ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S TWO SKELETONS, "CHARLIE" AND "BRER."



IN AN ADVANCED BIOLOGY CLASSROOM: GIRLS PERFORMING THE DELICATE TASK OF DISSECTING COCKROACHES.

The School motto, chosen by Queenswood's founders, is "In Hortis Reginae," the inspiration for this deriving from a lecture given by John Ruskin. The essence of Ruskin's lecture was that a girl's education should be as serious as a boy's. "Give them the same advantages as you give their brothers," was his advice. "You bring up girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments!" was his striking criticism. The educational standard of the

new School proved to be high, and from the turn of the century girls were entering and winning scholarships to the universities. Every girl goes up in the School in the expectation of following a career when she leaves. The maintaining of a sound academic standard is greatly helped by the fact that there are single study bedrooms for fifty-two senior girls. The School is of Methodist foundation and has since become interdenominational.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

MUSIC AND ART AT QUEENSWOOD—NOTED FOR ITS MUSICAL TRADITION.



THE CHOIR, WEARING TRADITIONAL PURPLE GOWNS AND SQUARES, ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA REHEARSING: QUEENSWOOD HAS LONG HAD A HIGH REPUTATION FOR ITS MUSICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.



POPULAR PURSUITS—POTTERY AND MODELLING. AMONG THE SCHOOL'S RECENT ACQUISITIONS ARE A CRAFT ROOM AND A POTTERY KILN.



IN ONE OF THE HANDCRAFT ROOMS AT QUEENSWOOD: SOME OF THE GIRLS WEAVING ON HAND-LOOMS.



AN ART CLASS IN PROGRESS, WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS PATIENTLY ACTING AS A MODEL. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE WORK OF SOME OF QUEENSWOOD'S ARTISTS.



DURING A POTTERY PERIOD: GIRLS DEMONSTRATING THEIR SKILL IN MAKING VASES ON THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

Between 1925 and 1939 an extensive development programme was carried out at Queenswood in the building of the Great Hall, the Chapel, Senior House, the swimming bath, the gymnasium and Stamp House, and by the purchase of Mymwood, now the Preparatory House. The School is administered centrally. The girls sleep, and spend some of their free time, in their Houses, but assemble in the large dining hall for all meals. They enjoy a varied social programme, not only in the societies and clubs which they organise

themselves, in visits to theatres, lectures and concert halls in London, but also in the dances, debates and combined choral work with neighbouring boys' public schools. Music has long held a place of great importance in the life of Queenswood, and the School's achievements, inspired and led by the Musical Director, Mr. Ernest Read, C.B.E., F.R.A.M., Hon. R.C.M., F.R.C.O., are known throughout the musical world. Dramatic activity is encouraged by the inter-Form Drama Competition held each Easter Term.



A GAME OF NETBALL TAKING PLACE IN FRONT OF THE WELL-EQUIPPED GYMNASIUM AT QUEENSWOOD.

FROM GAMES AND SWIMMING TO SOCIAL SERVICE: VIEWS AT QUEENSWOOD.



A SKIRMISH AT THE GOALMOUTH: AN EXCITING MOMENT DURING A GAME OF HOCKEY ON ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S PLAYING FIELDS.



A SCENE DURING TENNIS INSTRUCTION. THERE ARE SIXTEEN HARD COURTS AND TENNIS IS PLAYED IN SUMMER AND WINTER.



SWIMMING IN QUEENSWOOD'S EXCELLENT, HEATED SWIMMING BATH, WHICH IS ALSO USED THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.



A GAME OF LACROSSE. THE SCHOOL'S 420-ACRE ESTATE PROVIDES AMPLE ROOM FOR NUMEROUS PLAYING FIELDS.



CONTESTANTS AND THEIR ENTRIES IN THE TRADITIONAL DOLL-MAKING COMPETITION. THE TOYS ARE GIVEN TO CHILDREN IN HOSPITALS AND HOMES.

At Queenswood, with its noted musical tradition, every girl is given the opportunity of learning to play an orchestral instrument, and the chance of joining the School orchestra later. Membership of either the Lower School or of the Upper School Choir is considered a special honour. Physical training and an emphasis on early rising and hard work have also long been features of Queenswood. The School's broad acres offer excellent facilities for games, which include sixteen hard tennis courts, five pitches for hockey and three

for lacrosse. In 1954 an appeal was launched for funds for development. This has so far met with a generous response from parents, friends and members of the Old Queenswoodians' Association, and has already made possible the building of an excellent new Library and Science Block which were opened on Commemoration Day this year. The guest speaker on this occasion was Lord Salisbury, who emphasized the need for a balanced curriculum harmonising the Humanities, Sciences and Fine Arts.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



THERE are several reasons for going to Chantilly—the racecourse, the park with its magnificent trees, the château (much restored and by no means to be compared with others within easy distance of Paris), and the contents of the said château, of which the most famous and, I should

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

"LES TRES RICHES HEURES"—A REVIEW.

But to return to this illuminated MS. It had a predecessor, commissioned by the Duc de Berry about the year 1408 from the three brothers, Paul, Herman and John of Limbourg, in Guelders (now in south Holland), known as the "*Très Belles Heures*," which to-day is one of the greatest treasures of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Later—probably about 1412—he entrusted them with the production of an even more sumptuous book of hours, the one at Chantilly, and it is from this that twenty-one full-page illustrations have been chosen to illustrate an edition of the New Testament in the Authorised Version.* In format, printing, paper and colour work this is bookmaking of the highest possible standard, and it is of interest to note that the book as a whole was designed by Hans Mardersteig, the text printed at his works at Verona; the gravure colour illustrations were printed in France; the binding of the cloth edition was done in The Hague and that of the leather edition in Milan. The publishers, Messrs. Collins, inform us that the book was first planned by them ten years ago and that their aim was to produce as perfect an edition as possible, easy to read and to handle and not merely a beautiful bookshelf copy. I think most people will welcome the choice of the Authorised Version as, if not wholly an accurate translation of the original text, it is familiar and marvellously musical. How fortunate that the translation was made at a moment when the language was at once so flexible and so rich! The only alteration is some reparagraphing by an anonymous Oxford theologian which obviously improves the passages of narrative, while the quotations are printed in italics. Altogether, this is a noble example of European teamwork.

At the same time, from the point of view of the lover of painting, it is a good deal more. Many of the pages from "*Les Très Riches Heures*" have been published from time to time, but never twenty-one in colour, and of those here no fewer than nine have never been reproduced in colour at all, and never more faithfully than in these magnificent plates which lose little or nothing of the pinks and golds and the yet more impressive lapis-lazuli of the originals—that wonderful azure blue which seems to belong to some divine musical scale. As M. Jean Lorgnon, Curator of the Condé Museum, points out in a valuable note printed unobtrusively at the end of the volume, "the Duc de Berry himself supervised the details with minute care . . . He paid particular attention to the 'azure,' the precious lapis-lazuli with this intense and luminous blue which gives such brilliance and depth to the skies."

As to the painters, they were born between 1385 and 1390, the sons of a sculptor; their maternal uncle was the painter Jean Malouel, who brought them to France and apprenticed them—all three, it seems—to a Paris goldsmith. Malouel, then working upon decoration for the Chartreuse at Dijon for the Duc de Berry's brother, the Duc de Bourgogne (Philip the Bold, who died in 1404), introduced them to his employer, for whom they painted in 1402 "a very fine and notable Bible." The brother took them over, as it were,

presumably after Burgundy's death, and they served him with the title of "Painters to and Attendants upon the Duke" until his and their deaths at very nearly the same time in 1416.

It is on record that the Duc de Berry himself "chose the finest vellum skins and the purest colours. He commissioned the foremost calligraphers to copy the sacred texts in fine 'formal script,' and when this was done, with blank spaces left as indications of the subjects to be painted, the three brothers and their assistants began their work." The subjects, we learn, were fixed by tradition, following a devotional, not a chronological pattern. For example, after the calendar with pictures of the labours of each season, month by month, there would be pages of the Gospels with pictures of the four Evangelists. Then the Hours proper—i.e., the prayers said at the different hours of the day. For the hours of the Virgin it was the convention to paint the Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity, Adoration of the Magi; for those of the Passion—the Scourging, the Crucifixion, etc., while other texts provided scenes such as the miracle of the loaves or the Temptation or the Raising of Lazarus. The Temptation here—a decidedly unfamiliar page—is a composition of great imaginative power, with numerous man-made pinnacles rising to the blue sky while Christ stands upon a high rock in the centre and a black flying Satan shows Him all the kingdoms of the earth beneath.

I imagine the best-known of the twenty-one illustrations is the Adoration of the Magi with its glorious pinks, golds and blues and the apparently effortless handling of detail from the curve of the

"THE TEMPTATION": ONE OF THE TWENTY-ONE MINIATURES FROM THE "*TRES RICHES HEURES DU DUC DE BERRY*," MAGNIFICENTLY REPRODUCED IN SPECIAL COLOUR GRAVURE IN MESSRS. COLLINS' EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

say, the most splendid, is the Book of Hours, known the world over as "*Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*" (1340-1416), son of John the Good, King of France and brother of Charles V and of the Duc d'Anjou and the Duc de Bourgogne. One goes there under the impression that here is yet another national museum, and so, in a sense, it is, but the château houses what is in every sense of the word a personal though princely collection of works of art which was left, not to the State, but to the Institut de France, in 1886, by the Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe.

We have nothing in England which can reasonably be compared with the Institut de France (which, by the way, must not be confused with the Institut Français at South Kensington), as it is the sum of the five official Academies—l'Académie Française, founded in 1634 by Richelieu; l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, founded by Colbert in 1663; l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques (created by the Convention after the Revolution of 1789); l'Académie des Sciences, founded by Colbert in 1666; and l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, created by Mazarin and Colbert together and given its present form in 1705. Lest anyone should imagine that I am displaying an indecent amount of erudition over what is to us in these islands a somewhat obscure subject, I hasten to add that I was so surprised that the learned Duke (he was by way of being an historian of some standing) had left his wonderful collection to the Institut and not to the State that I looked all this up. The result of his bequest is no doubt the same as if he had left it to the nation, but it is as well to be reminded from time to time that the arts, in France, were regarded with respect and as of genuine importance, long before such a notion became current in England.



"ST. JOHN ON THE ISLE OF PATMOS": ANOTHER OUTSTANDING MINIATURE FROM THE "*TRES RICHES HEURES DU DUC DE BERRY*," WHICH IS NOW AT THE MUSEE CONDE, CHANTILLY.

heavenly choir in the skies down to the marvellously composed figures of the three kings and the serried ranks, horses and banners of their followers. But to make a choice among such exquisite miniature painting is next to impossible. I can only repeat that this is a book which does honour to one of the noblest productions of the years before printing was invented, and at the same time provides as comely and clear a text of the New Testament as can be imagined.

* The New Testament—in the Authorised Version. Illustrated with 21 colour reproductions from the "*Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*." The book was designed by Hans Mardersteig. (Collins: leather edition, 12 gns.; cloth edition, 4 gns.)

FROM HOGARTH TO PISSARRO: SOME RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT TOOTH'S.



"PAYSAGE BRETON," BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903): PAINTED AT PONT AVEN IN 1888, AND FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR HUGH WALPOLE. (Oil on canvas : 13½ by 10 ins.)



"FETE AU VILLAGE": A LIVELY SCENE BY J. B. LEPRINCE (1734-1781), WHO WAS BOUCHER'S FAVOURITE PUPIL. (Oil on canvas : 22½ by 18½ ins.)



"ANDROMEDE DELIVREE PAR PERSEE": A WORK OF 1847 BY EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863), WHICH WAS INSPIRED BY A TITIAN. (Oil on panel : 16½ by 13 ins.)

RANGING from Van Hoogstraten to Rouault, there are some thirty works in Arthur Tooth and Sons' "Recent Acquisitions" Exhibition, which continues at 31, Bruton Street, until December 13. The Hogarth shown here, which has never been exhibited in this country before, has been acquired by the Beaverbrook Foundation, but is included in the exhibition before leaving for Canada. The eighteenth century is also represented by works by Downman, G. B. Tiepolo, Panini and Leprince. Boudin, Lepine, Bonnard, Renoir, Matisse, Dufy, Utrillo and Vlaminck are among the French nineteenth and twentieth-century artists included.



"A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION," A WORK OF 1733 BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764), WHICH HAS BEEN IN AN AMERICAN PRIVATE COLLECTION AND HAS NOW BEEN PURCHASED BY THE BEAVERBROOK FOUNDATION, FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK. (Oil on canvas : 31 by 64 ins.)



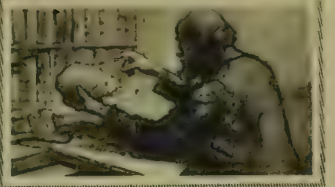
"GARDEUSE D'OIES": ONE OF THREE PAINTINGS BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903) IN MESSRS. TOOTH'S EXHIBITION SIGNED AND DATED, 1891. (Oil on canvas : 21½ by 25½ ins.)



"REFRESHMENT," BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (1802-1873): PAINTED AT GENEVA IN 1846 AND EXHIBITED IN THAT YEAR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Oil on panel : 39 by 50 ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE huia-bird of New Zealand is something of a puzzle. It has been variously classified with the crows, the hoopoes and the starlings. It is (or was) black with a green metallic sheen except for white at the end of the rounded tail and large orange wattles. The most remarkable feature is, however, the difference between the beak of the male and of the female. In the male it is short, straight, pointed and compressed from side to side. The beak of the female is long, slender and curved. It is, indeed, to be regretted that we know so little about the huia-bird, which is believed to have been extinct since about 1907, although, bearing in mind the dramatic rediscovery of the takahe in 1948, it does not follow that this is the final verdict. The takahe, or *Notornis*, had been believed to be extinct since 1898.

According to Macpherson and Lydekker, writing in 1910: "The huia has an extremely restricted habitat, being confined to certain mountain ranges, with their divergent spurs, and the intervening wooded valleys. The Maori, who prize the bird very highly for its tail feathers, which are used as a badge of mourning, state that, unlike other species which have diminished and become more confined in their range, the huia has from time immemorial been limited to its present haunts." This was written three years after the publication of the Checklist of New Zealand Birds by the Ornithological Society of New Zealand, which gave the date of the bird's extinction as "about 1907." It suggests that the range of the bird had been limited for a long time; and it would appear from this that if there were a reduction in its numbers it might have been due to persecution for its feathers.

A more recent explanation is that it was the difference between the beaks of male and female that contributed largely to its demise. As a result of enquiries from several readers, I have been to some trouble to investigate the known history of the huia, and it is difficult to know whether it should be entitled *A Comedy of Errors* or *The Tyranny of Words*. At all events, it is an excellent example of the way words can influence even scientific thought.

So far as I can ascertain, only one person has left a record of the behaviour of the huia-bird. This was given us by Sir Walter Buller, who kept a pair in an aviary in 1864. He had received these "from a native in exchange for a valuable stone. They were fully adult, and had been caught in the following simple fashion. Attracting the birds by an imitation of their cry to the place where he lay concealed, the native, with the aid of a long rod, slipped a running knot over the head of the female, and secured her. The male, emboldened by the loss of his mate, suffered himself to be easily caught in the same manner."

Buller gave a few details of the behaviour of the birds while in the aviary, and then added:

"But what interested me most of all was the manner in which the birds assisted each other in their search for food, because it appeared to explain the use, in the economy of nature, of the differently formed bills in the two sexes. To divert the birds, I introduced a log of decayed wood infested with the hu-hu grub. They at once attacked it, carefully probing the softer parts with their bills, and then vigorously assailing them, scooping out the decayed wood till the larva or pupa was visible, when it was carefully drawn from its cell. . . . The very different development of the mandibles in the two sexes enabled them to perform separate offices. The male always attacked the more decayed portions of the wood, chiselling out his prey after the

JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

manner of some Woodpeckers, while the female probed with her long, pliant bill the other cells, where the hardness of the surrounding parts resisted the chisel of her mate. . . . Sometimes I observed the male remove the decayed portion without being able to reach the grub, when the female would at once come to his aid and accomplished with her long, slender bill what he had failed to do. I noticed, however, that the female always appropriated to her own use the morsels thus obtained."



THE HUIA.
HETERALOECHA ACUTIROSTRIS.

THE SUPPOSEDLY EXTINCT HUIA-BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND: THE COCK-BIRD IS ON THE RIGHT, THE HEN ON THE LEFT AND ABOVE.

The huia-bird of New Zealand, believed to be extinct, was remarkable for the differences between the bill of the male and the female. The male attacked decayed wood with his "chisel" beak, the female probed hard wood. The idea that co-operation between the two, for feeding, is indispensable rests, apparently, on the words of Sir Walter Buller: ". . . the birds assisted each other in their search for food. . . .", one of several ambiguities in the only description we have of their habits.

Drawing reproduced from "Manual of New Zealand Birds" by Sir W. Buller, 1882.

Although the wording here is at times ambiguous, it shows quite plainly that the male and female hunted separately, that *sometimes* the male could not reach a grub, and that when this happened the female was observed to take it for herself.

In the Dictionary of Birds, by Alfred Newton, published 1893-96, page 438, we read: "According to the personal observation of Sir W. Buller . . . its favourite food is the grub of a timber-boring beetle, and the male bird with its short, stout bill attacks the more decayed portions of the wood, and chisels out its prey, while the female with her long, slender bill probes the holes in the sounder part, the hardness of which resists his weapon; or, when he, having removed the decayed portion, is unable to reach the grub, the female comes to

his aid and accomplishes what he has failed to do."

According to this, the impression is given that for the female to take the grub the male has exposed is more or less commonplace.

In "Wonders of the Bird World," R. Bowdler Sharpe (1898: page 115), referring to Buller's observations, remarks: ". . . he was able to watch their habits closely and to discover the use of the differently-shaped bills in the male and the female. After probing the log provided for them . . . the birds would attack any part where the wood seemed soft and rotten; then commenced the work of the male, who would use his strong bill like a woodpecker's, and chisel out the soft wood till the grub was exposed to view, when the female would insert her more slender curved bill and drag it out."

Newton put one foot on the slippery slope; Bowdler Sharpe is well on his way down. What Buller recorded as an occasional event has now become habitual co-operation. The slide was, however, checked by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant, in "Guide to the Gallery of Birds, British Museum (Natural History), 1905," and reprinted in 1921:

"The pair are said to hunt in company, and live on the grubs which burrow in the wood. The male attacks the more decayed portions of the wood, chiselling out the concealed grubs like a woodpecker, while the female inserts her long bill into holes, into which the hardness of the surrounding wood prevents the male from penetrating. When the male is unable to reach some larva, the female has been observed to come to his aid, and with her longer and more slender beak secure the hidden prey."

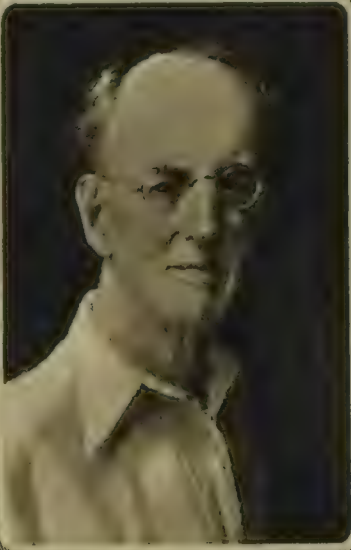
Most books on birds contain no reference to the huia, nor do text-books or encyclopædias, so that the quotations given here must represent a high proportion of the total comments. W. P. Pycraft does not mention it in his "History of Birds," but he does so in the "Standard Natural History" (1931), when he says: "He [the male huia] is said to use this in chiselling away the bark of trees containing wood-boring beetle larvæ, which the hen then draws out with her 'probe.'" In this, the idea of a co-operative act between male and female is implied, as if it were habitual.

The latest words on the subject are contained in "Evolution," published by the British Museum (Natural History) this year: "The male bird has a short, stout beak with which it chisels holes in trees containing grubs of the particular beetle on which it feeds. The female has a slender, curved beak, twice as long as that of the male and therefore with a longer reach, but not capable of chiselling. Co-operation between the members of a pair of mated huia-birds is therefore indispensable for both to obtain food. . . . It is believed

that the huia-bird is now extinct, and it is probable that its extinction was due to its excessively specialised adaptation, preventing it from exploiting other possible food supplies when the grub on which it had fed exclusively became less frequent as the forest area diminished."

This may be true. It may be an inspired guess. But there is no foundation for its main conclusion in the available evidence, which consists, so far as I can find, of the one record by Sir Walter Buller. According to Lydekker, the habitat of the huia-bird always has been restricted. The bird is only believed to be extinct, and I have one letter from a reader who claims to have seen the huia since 1907. And, finally, Buller's "sometimes," in relation to the male chiselling and the female probing, has become, a century later, "co-operation . . . is therefore indispensable."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DEATH OF FASHIONABLE PAINTER: MR. CADOGAN COWPER. Mr. Frank Cadogan Cowper, the subject and portrait painter, has died aged 81. He was born in Northamptonshire, son of an author, and first exhibited at the Royal Academy at the age of 22. His early pictures were in the pre-Raphaelite manner and fetched high prices early in the century. In later life he painted decorative portraits. (Detail of self-portrait.)



A GREAT STATESMAN DIES: VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD. Viscount Cecil died on November 24, aged 94. Educated at Eton and Oxford; from 1915 he held a number of Government posts, including that of Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He was created a Viscount in 1923 and in 1937 was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. A celebrated author and for 26 years Chancellor of Birmingham University.



DEATH OF A TERRORIST: THE LATE KYRIAKOS MATSIS. Kyriakos Matsis, aged 32, Greek-Cypriot terrorist leader in the northern area of Cyprus, was killed in a village near Kyrenia on November 19 by British troops. Matsis was killed by a grenade when he was discovered with a machine-gun in his hide-out and threatened to "come out shooting." For a long time had a price of £5000 on his head.



LORD BOOTHBY'S SUCCESSOR: MR. PATRICK WOLRIGE-GORDON. Oxford undergraduate Mr. Patrick Wolrige-Gordon became the youngest Member of Parliament when he won the East Aberdeenshire by-election for the Conservatives on November 21. He is 23. The by-election was caused by the elevation of Sir Robert Boothby to a Life Peerage. The majority was 6328 as compared with 10,057 at the General Election.



"I SPY STRANGERS": MR. GEORGE WIGG. Mr. George Wigg, Socialist M.P. for Dudley, succeeded in clearing the public galleries of the House of Commons on November 18. He raised the traditional cry of "I spy strangers," whereupon the question was put to the members and the galleries cleared. This had not happened since the war, and the House treated the incident lightheartedly.



LORD HOME, SEEN CHATTING WITH THE PARAMOUNT CHIEF REGENT OF BASUTOLAND, CHIEFTAINESS MANTSEBO SEEISO. This photograph of Lord Home and the Chieftainess was taken just before the opening of important talks at the Commonwealth Relations Office which opened last week. At the talks, Lord Home met delegates from the Basutoland Council, an advisory body which is requesting constitutional reforms.



AWARDED THE ORDER OF MERIT BY THE QUEEN AT A SPECIAL CEREMONY: VISCOUNT SAMUEL. The Queen conferred the Order of Merit on Lord Samuel, who is aged 88, at a ceremony which took place immediately after a Privy Council held at Buckingham Palace on November 21. It was fifty years to the day since Lord Samuel first became a member of the Privy Council. He was then Under-Secretary at the Home Department.



AT THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM: GENERAL BURNS PRESENTING TO EARL HOWE U.N. KOREA AND EMERGENCY FORCE MEDALS. On November 18 Major-General Burns presented to Earl Howe United Nations medals for service in Korea and with the United Nations Emergency Force. Lord Howe received the medals on behalf of the Museum's Board of Trustees, of which he is a member. Gen. Burns has commanded the U.N.E.F. since 1956.



SOVIET EXPERTS WHO ARRIVED RECENTLY IN EGYPT DISCUSSING THE FINANCING OF THE HIGH ASWAN DAM WITH PRESIDENT NASSER. Talks began on November 16 between President Nasser and a Soviet delegation of five, headed by Mr. Pavel Nikitin, concerning the financing of the High Dam at Aswan. Shown in this picture are (left to right): a Soviet Embassy official; Mr. Nikitin and President Nasser. The Russians have agreed to provide up to £33,000,000 of credit for the first stage of the dam.



REINFORCEMENT FOR M.C.C.: JOHN MORTIMORE. Gloucestershire spin bowler John Mortimore, aged 25, left by air for Australia on November 22 to join the M.C.C. touring team. This was in response to an appeal by the M.C.C. manager, Mr. F. R. Brown. Three spin bowlers will now be in the side. He is expected to be available for the match against Queensland which begins on November 28. He is also a useful batsman.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. N. R. MOORE PRESENTING A SILVER STATUETTE OF A GRENADIER GUARDSMAN TO PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK. At a recent ceremony at the Danish Embassy in London Major-General J. N. R. Moore, Major-General Commanding the Household Brigade, is seen presenting this statuette to Prince Georg. This is a gift from the five regiments of the Brigade of Guards to the Royal Danish Life Guards, who are celebrating their tercentenary.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AN ATTRACTIVE ROOM PLANT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



A FEW months ago I saw in a florist's shop some natty little pot specimens of a fern which I had never seen before, and which struck me as uncommonly attractive. I bought one, and have since found that it is quite remarkably tolerant of ordinary living-room conditions. Soon after I had bought it, I transferred it from the ordinary red flowerpot to a grey-green Japanese pot, which probably originally harboured a dwarf maple, or pine, which died. I was fortunate at that time in picking up, for a song, a dozen or two Japanese pots and shallow pans whose dwarf-tree occupants had died on the voyage from Japan, and so were going cheap. They have since proved invaluable for growing all sorts of trees, shrubs and bulbous plants for the house.

Soon after I had bought my fern I sent a frond to Kew, who most kindly named it for me. It is *Pteris ensiformis* var. "Victoriae." I find, in the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening, that *Pteris ensiformis* itself is a native of India, China and tropical Australia. In spite of its origin it seems to have taken kindly to life in an ordinary lived-in living-room, in a position where it gets no direct light. My specimen stands just about a foot high, with erect fronds whose narrow segments are fresh green with a pale greenish-white band down the centre. As a family, ferns are not favourites of mine. They give me a slightly morbid feeling that they are relics of a terribly remote age, and that I, in comparison, am terribly newly-arrived. Perhaps I resent this arrogance. Then, too, the sex life of the ferns does not bear thinking about. Give me good, honest flowering plants which bring forth seeds. Still, my little *Pteris ensiformis* var. "Victoriae" has its merits. It sits in a shady, and slightly draughty, corner of the room. Always as good as gold. Never complains. Though it never hesitates to drop broad hints when it wants a drink. I shall be interested to see how long it will continue to look happy enough to please me, and whether, when it begins to look tatty, it will make a good recovery during a session under the staging of my unheated greenhouse. I find that a wonderfully efficient convalescent home for tired and be-tattered room plants. First a spell of cool, moist half-shade, and then a course of light, and even sun-bathing, on the staging above.

A few days ago I discovered a new form of vegetable, and uncommonly good it was. I have grown this year a couple of rows of marrow-stemmed kale, which is usually grown by farmers for feeding to their cattle. You know the plant, of course. A kale which grows up to 3 or 4 ft., well furnished with lush-looking leaves, and with a remarkably stout and gouty-looking leg. It is those thick fleshy stems that provide the special cattle fodder. In past years I have grown a few of these kale plants, for the sake of the sprouting tops in spring, and monstrous good they are. But this autumn I experimented with the fleshy, nutty marrow stems, and

found them even better. The plan was to cut the great thick stems—one could almost call them trunks—into 6-in. lengths. These were boiled, and then, with a sharp knife, the hard, almost woody outer casing was sliced away, leaving a solid centre of pale-green "marrow," crisp and nutty. Eaten hot, with salt, pepper and butter, the texture is excellent and the flavour delicate and delicious. But please note that in describing this method of preparing and serving marrow-stem kale, I have resisted the temptation to describe the vegetable and its flavour as resembling asparagus. It does nothing of the kind. It is quite astonishing—and infuriating—how many odd vegetables get themselves described as resembling asparagus, or as

resemble greatly superior sorts. There is a native British weed, Good King Henry, which has often been described as being "a good substitute for spinach," and it is almost invariably described by the botany books as growing on "waste ground near villages." Most apt and true. It grows in the village in which I live, in exactly such situations. In fact, there is a triangle of waste ground, immediately opposite my entrance gate, which is populated largely by stinging nettles and Good King Henry in about equal quantity. Or, I should say, was populated.

I used to gather and enjoy an occasional dish of Good King Henry. But, then, one day the county council anti-weed experts discovered the nettles, and sprayed them with some dope which made the whole neighbourhood smell like a fever hospital. All but one of the precious Good King Henry plants perished, and a few, a very few, of the nettles died, too. A pity.

Some years ago I collected seeds from these wild Good King Henry plants and raised a row in my kitchen garden. Greatly to my regret, they were not a success. And yet they ought to have flourished, for at that time my garden most certainly was "a waste place near a village." Maybe my jobbing gardener of those days found himself unable to tolerate weeds flourishing all in a row. To haphazard weeds he turned a blind eye. There was a time when you might have lost a tiger in the asparagus beds, and not on account of the asparagus itself.

I have sometimes read that the young, tender sprouting shoots of hop plants make a capital substitute for asparagus. Having tried them, I can only say that it would have been wiser to let them grow on to assist in the beer industry. The same with bracken fronds. I was told that the Japanese cook and eat the young sprouting fronds of bracken. I gathered a dish of them, young, tender, crisp, and tried them, boiled, and with butter, pepper and salt, and came to the conclusion that folk who will eat that particular dish will eat anything. This winter I intend to make a second trial with hawthorn berry jelly. Some years ago I read somewhere what a delicious confection it was, so we gathered a great store of the ripe berries, and followed the instructions. It was not a success. The flavour was delicious, and slightly exotic. But in texture it was like exceptionally stiff birdlime. I have a feeling that the addition of a proportion of cooking apples would be an improvement, by causing the stuff to jelly.

A fruit which is all too often allowed to go to waste is the quince-like pyrus, or japonica. There are many beautiful varieties, with flowers varying from white through pink to scarlet and crimson, which often produce great crops of fruit, which, although too acid to be eaten raw, will make richly-flavoured and delicious jelly.



TWO SPECIMENS OF MARROW-STEM KALE—TO WHICH MR. ELLIOTT REFERS HERE—STAND LIKE JACHIN AND BOAZ, PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE, ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CENTRAL BASKET IN THIS GOLD MEDAL EXHIBIT OF THE MANY VEGETABLES DIRECTLY DESCENDED FROM THE WILD CABBAGE.

Photograph, copyright, Sutton and Sons, Ltd., Reading.

making a good substitute for asparagus. They don't. And thank goodness they don't; otherwise when the real asparagus season came round, one might find it difficult to welcome and to stand up to that noblest of all forms of vegetation.

What a tiresome convention it is to claim that certain slightly inferior vegetables, and weeds,

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THE CYPRUS SCENE: A TERRORIST'S DEATH; AND THE ARRIVAL OF VOLUNTEERS.



TROOPS SEEN AS THEY GATHERED ROUND THE HOUSE IN WHICH EOKA TERRORIST LEADER KYRIAKOS MATSIS HAD BEEN KILLED. THE HOUSE WAS IN DHEKOMO VILLAGE.



ANOTHER SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE IN DHEKOMO, NEAR KYRENIA, CYPRUS, AFTER THE EOKA LEADER MATSIS HAD BEEN KILLED BY HAND GRENADES ON NOVEMBER 19.



A GROUP OF SOLDIERS AFTER THE KILLING OF MATSIS, WHICH WAS THE CULMINATION OF A TWO-WEEK OPERATION IN THE MOUNTAINOUS AND TREACHEROUS KYRENIA DISTRICT.



A BRITISH OFFICER SHINING HIS TORCH INTO THE UNDERGROUND HIDE-OUT WHERE MATSIS WAS KILLED. TWO SUBORDINATES WHO WERE WITH MATSIS CAME OUT AND SURRENDERED.



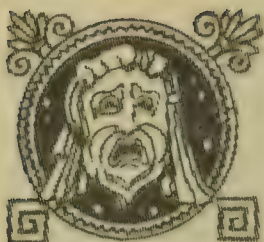
AN ANGRY GREEK-CYPRIOT, ONE OF THOSE SACKED FROM NAAFI AFTER TERRORIST OUTRAGES IN SERVICE CAMPS, SEEN JOINING A PROTEST MARCH THROUGH NICOSIA'S "MURDER MILE." ARMY HEADQUARTERS FINALLY ORDERED THE MARCH STOPPED.



A BRITISH SOLDIER ADVISING NEW NAAFI GIRL VOLUNTEERS FROM BRITAIN ON HOW TO FACE THE CURRENT SITUATION IN CYPRUS. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN A NICOSIA HOTEL SHORTLY AFTER THE GIRLS ARRIVED.

Events in Cyprus moved swiftly in the death of the terrorist leader Matsis and the replacement in Naafi canteens and on airfields of all Greek-Cypriot employees by British workers. The EOKA terrorists, for the fourth time since they began their activities in April 1955, called for a truce. On each of the three previous occasions they broke the truce. And this time the Director of Operations, Major-General Darling, carried on relentlessly with

the cordoning and searching of suspected EOKA areas. Although the truce was called to coincide with the United Nations Cyprus debate, almost immediately afterwards EOKA called for a general strike—once again to coincide with this United Nations debate. On the eve of the debate, Greece asked the General Assembly of the United Nations to back independence for the island after a period of self-government.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



STRONG CALL TO CHINA

By ALAN DENT.

LOOKING for something quite different in the files—the best way to make happy discoveries!—I have just come across a reference to Rose Macaulay which makes me regret that I never became more than a mere acquaintance of that brilliant writer who has just left us for ever.

It was ten years ago almost to the very day, and I described on this page how I found myself side by side with her in the crowd going into the cinema to see the first showing of "The Winslow Boy." A shade nervously—because her reputation for a stiletto-like wit always made those not entitled to call themselves her friends a shade nervous—I asked her whether she did not greatly prefer the theatre. "Not at all," she said: "I like a film more than a play—it jumps about so!"

From this characteristic comment I went on to argue—in my article, and not with the dazzling lady herself—that most women probably prefer a film to a play because in the cinema they feel less bound-down, inhibited, cornered, confined. Could this be the reason why women writers excel as novelists far more than as playwrights (since a play has many changes of scene only at its peril)? Could the roving nature of the workaday film with—dare I say it?—its lack of logic and responsibility and its disobedience to all the more formal rules of playwriting be one reason why "our two most experienced, perused, cultured, quoted, admired, uninhibited, feared, revered, and (by the film-makers) detested film critics are ladies both?" They still are—and they are, of course, the same ladies!

Of two new films let us take the less important first. "Behind the Mask" is a mixed-up story of a somewhat mixed-up hospital. It is largely about a very distinguished surgeon indeed (played with grandiosity and a red carnation by Michael Redgrave) whose daughter, Pamela (Vanessa Redgrave), has fallen in love with a very young and newly-qualified surgeon called Philip (Tony Britton). Philip is promoted to a house-surgeonship,

There are several other sub-plots in this film which must seem to the reader to be too full of plot already. There is, however, a breathing-space in the middle when we can sit with a crowd of students (most wittily and amiably led by Ian Bannen) and watch the heart operation in close-up and on a television screen. Readers now agog to see "Behind the Mask" should be warned that this breathing-space in the plot is just about

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



ROBERT DONAT, WHO PLAYED THE PART OF THE MANDARIN IN "THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS."

Of his current choice, Alan Dent writes: "Robert Donat, perhaps the best actor of the purely romantic sort since Sir John Martin-Harvey, died last June just after finishing his part in the present film, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* (directed by Mark Robson for 20th-Century Fox). He first acted in London in 1928, and first appeared in films in 1932 where his work, in such pictures as 'The Thirty-Nine Steps,' 'The Ghost Goes West' and 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips,' will long be remembered. Ill-health dogged his career and brought it to an untimely close at the early age of fifty-three. He gives a most gentle and distinguished appearance in this, his last film, and his final speech is very moving."

the most realistic and unsparing operation scene I have ever witnessed (outside an actual hospital). There would have been public protest at this scene up till the year 1940. But the dreadful fact would appear to be that we are now, all of us, quite used to blood. Lest the more flinching sort of reader is not yet warned, let me merely hint that by the time he is half-through Sir Arthur's white apron has plentiful splashes on it far redder than the carnation awaiting him on his desk in his sanctum.

But the main film is "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," an immensely long but never tedious saga of an English servant-girl called Gladys (Ingrid Bergman) who had an odd longing to go to China as a Christian missionary. Miss Bergman gives a performance of courage as well as skill. In the first scenes in London she is plainly dressed as well as white-faced and red-nosed with the cold. She persuades a travel agent to take instalments towards her fare to China the hard way—by train across Siberia. To earn these instalments she acts as housemaid in the mansion of a rich old gentleman

whose bark is much worse than his bite. (In this characteristic part it is extraordinarily affecting to recognise that fine actor, Ronald Squire, who died two days before this film was first shown.)

Gladys reaches the scene of her mission after many adventures richly and racily told (the

direction by Mark Robson deserves high commendation). In the village towards which her instincts guide her she meets an elderly English missionary (celestial Athene Seyler—in a Chinese sack), who at once takes the girl under her wing. Muleteers, it seems, are the newspapers of Northern China. If muleteers are attracted into old Mrs. Lawson's inn, they may possibly be persuaded to listen to the beautiful tales of the Christ Child while eating their supper. It is a long and difficult business, the first step being an adequate grounding in the Chinese language.

But Gladys has the kind of faith which can move even Chinese mountains. It survives the sad and sudden death of Mrs. Lawson, and the opposition of an Eurasian Colonel (Curt Jurgens), who has been sent to persuade the local Mandarin to introduce new laws and taxes, and to stop the people's age-old custom of having their women's feet closely bound up from infancy to keep them tiny. Gladys in her unquenchable zeal even gets herself appointed foot-inspector.

The Mandarin—a gentle tyrant who has achieved his own idea of high civilisation—is enchantingly played by Robert Donat, who died just after completing this task last June. This Mandarin turns Christian in the end, out of gratitude to all that Gladys has done for the sick, the prisoners and the orphan children in his territory. After thanking her formally, he says quite simply (and in that beautiful voice which has unfailingly charmed a generation of theatre-lovers and filmgoers): "It is time to go now. We shall not see each other again, I think."



"A MIXED-UP STORY OF A SOMEWHAT MIXED-UP HOSPITAL": "BEHIND THE MASK" (BRITISH LION; LONDON PREMIERE, LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, NOVEMBER 7). IN THIS SCENE, SIR ARTHUR (MICHAEL REDGRAVE, RIGHT BACKGROUND) IS PERFORMING A HEART OPERATION ON MRS. JUDSON (ANN FIRBANK), WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF PHILIP (TONY BRITTON, LEFT), GREENWOOD (JOHN GALE), SISTER GILCHRIST (MARY SKINNER) AND ROMEK (CARL MOHNER, FOREGROUND).

Farewell!" Thus we see the last of Robert Donat. And in Miss Bergman's outburst of grief when he leaves her, we see real tears and are moved to share them.

It is perhaps too much to have an invasion by the Japanese hereafter, and an immensely long and dangerous trek across the mountains, from one unsafe place to a place a little less unsafe, by Gladys and a hundred orphaned children. But altogether this makes a splendid and adventurous story. It certainly does travel far and "jump about" in the travelling. And, one way and another, I had a strong feeling that Dame Rose Macaulay—who also has just said Farewell—would have adored it, and would have said so.



GLADYS AYLWARD (INGRID BERGMAN) WITH COLONEL LIN NAN (CURT JURGENS) IN "THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS." Proceeds from this film's world premiere—at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Nov. 23—are to be devoted to founding a Robert Donat Memorial Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. The film is based on the book "The Small Woman," by Alan Burgess, telling the story of Gladys Aylward, who now lives in Formosa.

and for a long time we are asked to be concerned with whether or not Sir Arthur has shown him unusual favouritism because he is about to become one of the family.

It is also largely about a Polish refugee (Carl Mohner), who specialises as an anaesthetist but feels in England that his foreign origin is against his progress in spite of his talent. Thirdly, it is largely about a newly-married young woman (Ann Firbank) who has to undergo a dangerous heart operation. Sir Arthur's nerve fails him in the middle of it, chiefly because he is being closely watched all the time by a deadly rival in the profession (Niall MacGinnis). I should have thought that such animosities would hardly be allowed to turn an operating theatre into a theatre of war. But let this pass. Sir Arthur hands over his scalpel to Philip, and the situation, together with the patient, is saved.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"SEA OF SAND" (Rank. Generally Released: November 17).—War in the North African desert—as gallantly and humorously waged by Richard Attenborough, John Gregson and Michael Craig.

"CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: November 24.) Strife in Louisiana—as passionately enacted between a doomed rich man (Burl Ives), his frantic daughter-in-law (Elizabeth Taylor), and his inhibited son (Paul Newman). This is the famous play by Tennessee Williams somewhat modified and muddled in its motives. But it has its moments, and even its minutes—and the acting is intensely good, especially that of the men.

RECENT OIL PAINTINGS BY EDWARD SEAGO: AN IMPRESSIVE EXHIBITION.



"LOW TIDE, STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN": ONE OF THE THIRTY-NINE OIL PAINTINGS BY EDWARD SEAGO, NOW IN AN EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI, OPEN UNTIL DECEMBER 12. KEW BRIDGE IS ON THE LEFT OF THE PAINTING. (18 by 24 ins.)



"SLACK WATER, STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN": ONE OF SEVERAL PAINTINGS IN THIS EXHIBITION WHERE THE PAINTER HAS CONCENTRATED ON THE SUBTLE EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON WATER. LIKE THE OTHER LONDON SCENES, IT IS SOMBRE IN TONE. (20 by 26 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH COTTAGES, NORFOLK": THIS SMALL AND VIGOROUS WORK IS ONE OF SEVERAL ENGLISH LANDSCAPE STUDIES IN EDWARD SEAGO'S CURRENT EXHIBITION. THE STYLE IS UNUSUALLY BRISK AND DRAMATIC. (12 by 16 ins.)



"BY THE FONTANA DI TREVI, ROME": ONE OF A NUMBER OF ITALIAN SCENES. THE ACTUAL FOUNTAINS ARE NOT VISIBLE; THE PICTURE IS DOMINATED BY THE BAROQUE FACADE OF THE CHURCH OF SANTI VINCENZO ED ANASTASIO. (20 by 26 ins.)



"WESTMINSTER FROM MAYFAIR": AN INTERESTING AND SUBTLE PAINTING OF LONDON; ONE OF SEVERAL WINTRY SCENES IN EDWARD SEAGO'S CURRENT EXHIBITION. IT WAS PAINTED FROM THE ROOF OF ARLINGTON HOUSE. (20 by 30 ins.)



"WINTER MORNING, GREENWICH": A SKILFUL STUDY OF RAIN EFFECTS WHICH MAKES AN INTERESTING CONTRAST WITH HIS MEDITERRANEAN SCENES. THE PAINTING SHOWS A GREENWICH STREET WITH CUTTY SARK IN THE BACKGROUND. (20 by 30 ins.)

Thirty-nine recent oil paintings by Edward Seago can be seen at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, until December 12. These immensely varied pictures form one of the most interesting collections of Mr. Seago's work. They are essentially the paintings of a traveller who has a keen eye for light-effects, whether of England in the winter mists or of Italy under a Mediterranean sun. A few of them are landscapes of his native Norfolk, but the greatest number are studies of London and Italy. The London scenes were

all painted between January and March of this year, and are impressive and subtle canvases in which the prevailing tones are grey. By contrast the paintings executed in Italy are warm and brilliantly coloured. These were painted this summer when the artist spent much of his time on the island of Ponza, west of Naples. On his return he visited Rome and Naples, and several pictures that he painted there are in this exhibition. All the paintings on show have been sold.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AMONG THE GHOSTS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE ghosts have been walking the theatre (and I am not speaking in the idiom of "treasury night"). First, there is Ibsen's play at the Old Vic: a challenge to anyone at any time, and a particular challenge to a director who has to stage it at the Vic: a theatre not designed for the realistic play. John Fernald and his scenic designer, Neil Hobson, helped us very much by their portentous set of the sitting-room of Mrs. Alving's house "on one of the large fjords of western Norway." In other productions this has often had the atmospheric quality of a drizzling afternoon, something to dampen our spirits from curtain-rise. But Mr. Hobson, with his pillars and vast window, and the panorama of fjord and peak beyond it, provided a setting that took the imagination, that had size enough to command the Vic stage, and that managed to express the doom-cast quality of the play without thrusting us at once to thoughts of a suburban pavement. True, it may have surprised some watchers at first: a few may have felt—especially in this theatre—that a portion of a left-over Shakespearean set had been worked into the décor. But, as the night developed, one realised the value of the scene, and its value especially during those terrible last moments when day has dawned and, as the sun strikes across ridge and fjord, Oswald Alving speaks in a voice toneless and terrible.

It was a strange night. During the performance I was not wholly persuaded until the third act. Since then the play has remained with me, a shadow ever-present in the mind. I wonder if the ghost of the critic who ended his diatribe of nearly seventy years ago with the phrase, "Old Ibsen is as dead as a door-nail," was looking on, puzzled, and listening to that thunder-stroke of applause at the last.

This is late in the day to speak of Ibsen's dramatic treatise (in the Norman Ginsbury version) upon hereditary disease, retribution, determinism, the government of ghosts. It is still a magnificent acting play; it puzzles one to find that some of its critics try to say its force is weakened because such things as these, with the march of science, cannot happen now. But, really must we relate everything to the passing minute? If so, how absurd is the Vic's next play, "Macbeth"! Those witches!

In asking why the first and second acts of "Ghosts" had less effect than I hoped, I come, incredulously, to blame so fine an artist as Michael Hordern. The deplorable Pastor Manders had been too tempting; lines that could legitimately have brought a smile raised a storm of mirth. [Mr. Hordern had only to twitch his nose, a mannerism especially his own, for the house to laugh. Maybe the blame should be divided. It is enough to say that the drama was curiously blurred, in spite of so famous and perfectly-rendered a show-piece as Flora Robson's Mrs. Alving on the rule of ghosts. During the third act all was well; tension grew steadily to the terrifying curtain, with Mrs. Alving's slow, agonised sobs fading into silence. Miss Robson and the Oswald (Ronald Lewis) acted this with power; and elsewhere, the Regina of Anne Iddon and the Engstrand of Daniel Thorndike helped the impact of a play that must always be in the major repertory.

The ghosts on the following night were rather different. "Chrysanthemum" (Prince of Wales's) was an attempt to get back to what the programme, in a coyly informative note, called "Greenwich, Park Lane, and Limehouse in the year 1913, the age of Ragtime, the Russian Ballet, William

Morris has to do with it; but one does not inquire too anxiously into such an affair as "Chrysanthemum" which is, in effect, a mock melodrama (by Neville Phillips and Robin Chancellor) with an intermittently effective score by Robb Stewart. The whole thing, I imagine, is better the nearer to the stage one sits. Viewed from the middle distance, it seemed a bit remote, a bit languid, though I would never use those terms for such an actress as Pat Kirkwood, who could project herself across any auditorium, and whose presence, voice, and general theatrical relish give to "Chrysanthemum" a reason for existence. She is, I must explain, the titular Miss Brown who goes out to fetch the milk, and who returns, after a trip to Buenos Aires, three years later. Hubert Gregg enjoys himself gently in a butter-smooth impression of an English hero of the period, ready to knock out any neighbouring thug and (less typically) prepared to recite lyrics that sound almost like Belloc's cautionary tales.

What other ghosts? At the Birmingham Repertory I met again J. B. Priestley's West Riding types from the Cleckleywyke of 1908 in the farcical comedy of "When We Are Married." Directed by Bernard Hepton, himself a Bradford man, and acted by the Repertory company with warm enthusiasm, this play—in its honesty and craftsmanship—made one realise once more J. B. Priestley's quality as a man of the theatre. (He will live when the period's sillier brand of dustbin-drama is a bad joke in the far distance.) There is much sharp acting at Birmingham, especially, I think, by Nancie Jackson in a beautifully-judged sketch of the wife who is able on her silver wedding day to express all she has thought for twenty-five years, and by Thelma Barlow as the Cleckleywyke starling of a young maidservant, streamers and all.

So to the ghosts of a New York saloon in 1912. The company that has been playing O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" at the New Shakespeare, Liverpool, under Toby Robertson's direction, brought the play down to the Belgrade, Coventry, for the now familiar night's session of four hours and a quarter. It came over strongly, though—inevitably perhaps—less so than the Arts production early this year which established a standard. Looking back on the assemblage of O'Neill's derelicts—was the dramatist influenced by Gorki?—I recall as firmly as anything a study of "Jimmy Tomorrow" by John Flexman. He is the former journalist and Boer War correspondent, who is frightened of life, a frail, nervous figure irradiated by a hopeless hope. The actor has summoned miraculously O'Neill's description: "His forehead is fine, his eyes are intelligent, and there once was a competent ability in him. His speech is educated, with the ghost of a Scottish rhythm in it. His manners are those of a gentleman. There is a quality about him of a prim, Victorian old maid, and at the same time of a

likeable, affectionate boy who has never grown up."

It is sad to have to add a postscript on the death of Ronald Squire: one of the most endearing actors and assured technicians in the English comedy of the last four decades. Squire could touch off any dramatist's epigrams as though they had just occurred to him, and his apparently so casual (yet so calculated) delivery could double the effect. As actor and as man, he is a loss to the English theatre where his memory will survive, a gracious laughing ghost.



A GAY SONG FROM A NEW MUSICAL: CHRYSANTHEMUM BROWN (PAT KIRKWOOD) SINGING "SATURDAY NIGHT" IN "CHRYSANTHEMUM," WHICH OPENED AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, W.1, ON NOVEMBER 13.



MRS. ALVING (FLORA ROBSON, LEFT), OSWALD (RONALD LEWIS), REGINA (ANNE IDDON) AND PASTOR MANDERS (MICHAEL HORDERN) WATCHING THE ORPHANAGE BUILT AS A MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN ALVING BEING DESTROYED BY FIRE: A SCENE FROM IBSEN'S "THE GHOSTS" AT THE OLD VIC. (FIRST NIGHT: NOV. 12.)

Morris, Suffragettes, Opium Dens, Lloyd George, and White Slave Traffic. It is also the heyday of the Penny Dreadful." I don't know what William

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BLOOMSDAY" (Oxford Playhouse).—Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club in Allan McClelland's play based on Joyce's "Ulysses." (November 24.)
 "HOT SUMMER NIGHT" (New).—John Slater, Joan Miller, and Andrée Melly in a play by Ted Willis, directed by Peter Cotes. (November 26.)
 "THE DEVIL PETER" (Arts).—Giampiero Rolandi's translation of Salvatore Cappelli's play. (November 27.)

A PAPAL CEREMONY; AND NEWS FROM ENGLAND, FRANCE AND MOROCCO IN PICTURES.



OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, ROME: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD GATHERED TO RECEIVE THE BLESSING OF POPE JOHN XXIII ON NOVEMBER 23.



HIS HOLINESS THE POPE BEING CARRIED ON THE SEDIA GESTATORIA INTO THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, HIS CATHEDRAL AS BISHOP OF ROME. On November 23 Pope John XXIII formally took possession of St. John Lateran. On entering he was offered the keys and heard Pontifical Mass celebrated by Cardinal Masella. He later appeared to give his blessing *urbi et orbi*.



IN ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH: THE CHOIR PROCEEDING UP THE NAVE FOR THE SERVICE AT WHICH THE BOYS OF ST. CLEMENT DANES GRAMMAR SCHOOL RESUMED THEIR TRADITION. Now that the R.A.F. has restored and taken over St. Clement Danes Church, the annual commemoration service of St. Clement Danes Grammar School has been revived and on November 21 the school presented two silver standard candlesticks to the church.



A PRESENT TO COVENTRY CATHEDRAL FROM STALINGRAD: AN IKON OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES, ABOUT 18 BY 12 INS. On November 19 this fine gold ikon arrived without warning. An inscription on the back reads: "To commemorate the friendship and sympathy for Coventry's martyrdom during the war against Fascism, 1941-45. To Coventry Cathedral from Stalingrad Cathedral."



GROUP CAPTAIN DOUGLAS BADER, THE FAMOUS LEGLESS WAR PILOT, PLAYING GOLF AT FONTAINEBLEAU WITH OFFICERS OF H.Q. ALLIED AIR FORCES EUROPE, N.A.T.O. The officers with Group Captain Bader are (l. to r.) General D. O. Barrow (U.S.A.F.), Colonel S. B. Hardwick (U.S.A.F.) and Air Chief Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy (R.A.F.). Group Captain Bader's score for his first game on this course in the forest, was 76.



AT THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ACCESSION: KING MOHAMMED V OF MOROCCO TAKING THE SALUTE AT TETUAN ON NOVEMBER 16. Three days were set aside for celebrating the anniversary of King Mohammed's accession on November 18, 1927. The later stages were marred by a number of bomb incidents in which at least six people were killed and for which members of the Istiqlal movement are blamed.



AT FONTWELL PARK: PREVENTING INTERRUPTION OF RACING BY FROST AND SNOW—ONE OF THE PLASTIC COVERS FOR THE APPROACH AND LANDING OF FENCES WHICH ARE BEING TESTED HERE AND AT OTHER COURSES.

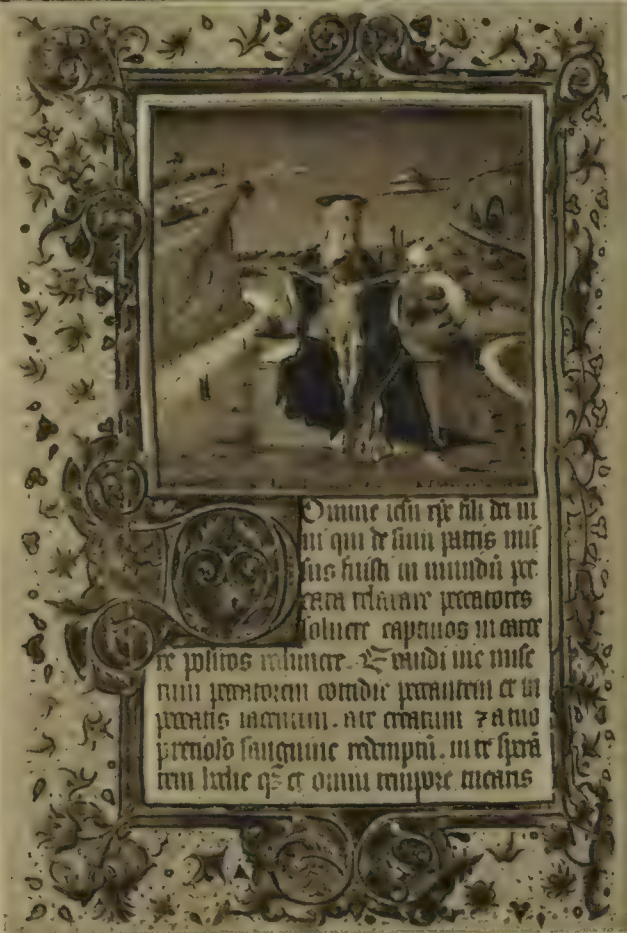
FROM THE OLDEST TINNED FOOD TO A NEW OIL JETTY: A MISCELLANY.



FOR TESTING KNOWLEDGE ON CHURCH OF ENGLAND MATTERS: A MACHINE WHICH—FOR ONE PENNY—GIVES THE ANSWER TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS. IT IS BEING DEMONSTRATED BY ITS ORIGINATOR, THE REV. K. JONES.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING OR ROAST MEAT? A TIN OF FOOD, DATED 1823 AND BELIEVED THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD, WHICH IS TO BE OPENED ON DECEMBER 11. This tin of food was taken on a voyage to discover the North-West passage in 1824, abandoned in Arctic snow and found by Captain Sir John Ross between 1829 and 1833. According to the records of the suppliers, Donkin, Hall and Gamble, it probably contains either Christmas pudding or roast meat. The tin is to be opened at the British food manufacturers research laboratory at Leatherhead, Surrey.



"THE TRINITY": FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS AND PSALTER OF HENRY BEAUCHAMP. IN THE DYSON PERRINS SALE ON DECEMBER 7. In our last issue, while reporting the forthcoming sale at Sotheby's of Part I of the Dyson Perrins Collection, i.e., the illuminated MSS., we implied that 150 items had already been bequeathed to the B.M. This is not so, two MSS. only were so bequeathed.



"NO, I WON'T WATCH THE BIRDIE!": GUY THE GORILLA, RECENTLY DESCRIBED BY SIR JULIAN HUXLEY AS UNQUESTIONABLY THE FINEST ANIMAL HE HAD EVER SEEN, HAVING HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN AT LONDON ZOO.



THE FIRST OIL IS DISCHARGED AT THE NEW DEEP-WATER OIL JETTY AT B.P.'S FINNART OCEAN TERMINAL, LOCH LONG, SCOTLAND, RECENTLY. The British Petroleum Tanker Company's 32,000-ton ship *British Faith* is shown above discharging the first crude oil at the new jetty. From Finnart, the oil is pumped along a 57-mile pipeline to the Grangemouth refinery near Edinburgh, on the Firth of Forth. The Finnart project cost £2,000,000.



AN EIGHT-WHEEL TANKER AFTER IT HAD CRASHED INTO THE TOWN OF HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, CAUSING A MULTIPLE CRASH AND BLOCKING ROADS. On November 17 this tanker, loaded with bitumen, ran down a steep hill and crashed into a car at the crossroads in the centre of High Wycombe town. The driver, Mr. Frederick Grace, aged thirty-five, was flung from his cab and later died from his injuries. The driver of the car, Mr. John Green, was also seriously injured.



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some readers who don't mind being foxed by a novel (or, alternatively, are never foxed) and who regard symbolism as an asset. Not me, alas; I like getting the drift, and symbols are worse than wasted on me. In spite of which, "The Bell," by Iris Murdoch (Chatto and Windus; 15s.), drew me right in. It is incomparably her best, her most coherent, her most gripping work up to date: I was tempted to say, her first *real* novel. Even if one can't digest the symbols it seems to feature, or decide with confidence what we learn.

Anyhow, it is about love; possibly, about human and divine love. The bell called Gabriel (its most symbolic point, which foxed me completely) was the voice of love. Centuries ago it plunged into the lake of Imber Abbey, drowned (says the legend) by a nun's guilt and a bishop's curse. Now the convent has been repossessed by Anglican Benedictines; and across the lake, at Imber Court, is a lay religious community, small and new, under the wing of its remote neighbour. The Abbey still has no bell. But it is expecting one, which will be delivered at the Court, blessed by a bishop, and conducted to the postulants' gateway with discreet merrymaking. This scene is destined to form the climax.

But our first companion is an outsider. Dora, as a plump and peachy Slade student, foolishly married a mature aesthete with a contemptuous though fixed passion for her. Paul's love is mainly expressed in browbeating. At last it scared her into running away. Now she has got scared into rejoining him—at Imber Court, where he is studying mediæval manuscripts. Dora has no religion, or idea of religion; she finds the Court seedy and exasperating, its enclosed neighbour appalling. Those women never come out again! How ghastly that the rather beautiful, drooping Catherine should be going in! How impossible that she should want to! There the innocent has guessed right; but it was only a guess. From first to last—though she has meanwhile enacted the witch of Imber and recovered the drowned bell—she never *sees* anything. She alone is left with no inkling about Michael Meade, the founder of the community. Sadly, she assigns him to Catherine: when his "old, old love," which has just ruined him afresh and all but killed him, was for Catherine's twin, the saturnine pseudo-Brother at the lodge. Michael is a pervert; yet in his very weakness, a child of light. And the unreliable, imperceptive Dora is a child of light; we knew that straightaway on the train, when she forgot her suitcase but saved the butterfly. So their valedictory *solitude à deux* has a profound charm. And altogether, at such a deep level of truth and good, why worry about the bell?

OTHER FICTION.

"Hornblower in the West Indies," by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 15s.), poses no problems for anyone but the hero: except, indeed, the increasing puzzle of how long he can last. Now it seems, indefinitely. There is always a patch of time unfilled; and his creator can always fill it in the true vein. This is a post-war volume, with Lord Hornblower as Commander-in-Chief of the West Indies station. In peacetime, a very modest rôle; but though Hornblower can, as we know, preside over the fate of nations, he doesn't have to—he has internal resources, so to speak. All the same, in one of these five episodes he is at it again. *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, the first and most brilliant tale, provides not only a world-crisis, but a cue for agony and self-torture even beyond the norm. His sufferings this time are abysmal. The reprieve is exquisite—and not a bit spoiled though we saw it coming. And after that, well may he regard normal duty in the Caribbean as a kind of holiday. Still, what with slavers, pirates and South American independence, there is plenty going on, and though these tales are more occasional and yarn-like, none is below standard. In one of them he divides the *beau rôle* with his secretary, in another with his wife. Sometimes I wish he were allowed a little pleasure in his all but unfailing triumphs—but, of course, it wouldn't do.

"What's to Come," by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson; 15s.), has the distinction of being strictly painless without tedium. The scene is the industrial North. Mr. and Mrs. Baker, homely and good as gold, have three children on the way up. Mark, the clever one, is a metallurgical chemist, Greek-god Aubrey a draper's assistant, Flora a teacher. All are unspoiled, fond of each other and the old folk. All have their semblance of trouble—Flora's is the worst, since she adores a highborn, histrionic parson who is just exploiting her. But that, too, is surmounted with extreme ease; and at the end they are all happily married and doing famously. One might call it a nice stroll.

"The Staircase," by Ursula Curtiss (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), presents the familiar lady-in-a-nightmare. Here she is Madeline Bennett; and her apparently diabolic husband has installed a poor relation named Cora to keep an eye on her. I can't pretend to have been thrilled by this story; like most of its type, it is 100 per cent. artificial. But, of course, expert.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I PUT before you this week two games of rare beauty, the first from the recent International Team Tournament at Munich, the second from the championship tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club, New York:

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

| ROJAHN (Norway) White | ANGOS (Greece) Black | ROJAHN (Norway) White | ANGOS (Greece) Black |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P-QB4 | N-KB3 | 7. B-N5 | P-QB4 |
| 2. P-KN3 | P-KN3 | 8. Castles | N-QB3 |
| 3. B-N2 | B-N2 | 9. P×P | N×P |
| 4. N-QB3 | P-Q3 | 10. Q-Q2 | B-K3 |
| 5. N-B3 | KN-Q2 | 11. B-R6! | |
| 6. P-Q4 | Castles | | |

It is imaginative moves like this which prepare the way for brilliancies, and are far harder to find.

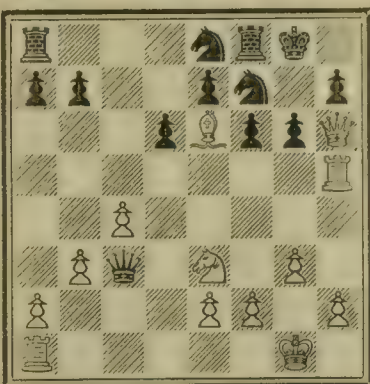
11... B×BP would be hazardous in view of the reply 12. B×B, K×B; 13. P-QN4! N×P; 14. Q-Q4ch, etc., or 13... N-K3; 14. P-N5, etc.

11... B×B 12. Q×B P-B3

Of course not 12... B×P? now: 13. N-N5!

| | | | |
|-----------|------|-------------|---------|
| 13. P-N3 | B-B2 | 18. N-Q4 | N-K1 |
| 14. KR-Q1 | N-K3 | 19. N-K6! | B×N |
| 15. B-R3 | Q-R4 | 20. B×Bch | N-KB2 |
| 16. N-Q5 | N-B2 | 21. R-Q5 | Q-B6 |
| 17. N-K3 | N-K4 | 22. R-KR5!! | Resigns |

Black



White

A pretty finish indeed; if 22... P×R then 23. N-B5 threatening 24. N×KPch and 25. Q×R mate. Only by a move of the knight on Black's K1 can he provide either his king's pawn or the rook with a guard; but moving that knight lets in a mate by Q-N7.

... Q×Rch; K-N2 at any stage would be a mere incident (making the mating combination a sacrifice of two rooks instead of one).

FRENCH DEFENCE.

| GUALA White | SHAINSWIT Black | GUALA White | SHAINSWIT Black |
|----------------|--------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P-K4 | P-K3 | 13. P-Q6! | B×P |
| 2. P-Q4 | P-Q4 | 14. B×Pch | K-R1 |
| 3. P-QB4 | P×KP | 15. QR-Q1 | Q-N3 |
| 4. N-QB3 | N-KB3 | 16. B-B5 | B-B3 |
| 5. B-N5 | B-K2 | 17. Q-KB2 | P-N3 |
| 6. P-B3 | P×P | 18. R×B1 | Q×R |
| 7. N×P | P-QN3 | 19. R-Q1 | Q-B2 |
| 8. B-Q3 | B-N2 | 20. R×N!! | N×R |
| 9. Castles! | QN-Q2 | 21. Q-R4ch | K-N1 |
| 10. Q-B2 | P-B4 | 22. B×N | B×N |
| 11. P-Q5 | P×P | (If 22... B×B; 23. B-B6) | |
| 12. P×P | Castles? | 23. N-Q5!!! | Resigns |

"conspire," with the idea of setting himself up as a constitutional monarch. Miss Leuchttag becomes involved in secret meetings, correspondence with a code, and all the trappings of novelette conspiracy. However, this was reality, and the King's final success is part of recent history. The author's own relations with the Royal family, and with the King himself, are recounted with ingenuous directness.

Biblical archaeology seems to be making giant strides. The results of the first season's excavations by the James A. de Rothschild Expedition is given in "Hazor," by Y. Yadin and others (O.U.P.; 8 gns.). This city was formerly the head of the Canaanite League, and was burnt by Joshua. Sisera was the general in command of the army of King Jabin of Hazor. The first volume of the expedition's work in 1955 is a most thorough production, complete with photographs, plans and drawings.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TRAVELLERS IN MANY COUNTRIES; AND BIBLICAL HAZOR.

IF I had to go to Australia, I do not think that it would occur to me to do the journey by Land-Rover. But it did occur to that intrepid traveller, Miss Barbara Toy, who records her experiences in a pleasantly forthright book, "Columbus Was Right!" (Murray; 21s.). (I never discovered, by the way, in what respect Miss Toy regards Columbus as having been right. The fault may, of course, be my own for having missed an explanation somewhere, but it has certainly left me with a feeling of frustration. Most of the chapters have odd little sub-headings consisting of aphorisms from Plato, Shakespeare, Cortez, Marcus Aurelius, and so on, but I looked in vain for Columbus.) Miss Toy cannot have shared many of Columbus's experiences, because she went precisely the opposite way. Driving across Europe from Brussels to the Bosphorus, she crossed Turkey and Persia, entering Pakistan over the Afghan Pass. Then she went on through India to Thailand and Malaya, taking ship for Australia at Singapore. Once in Australia itself, she crossed the practically deserted part of that continent, took ship again for San Francisco, crossed America, and so home by ship to London. It seems a somewhat elaborate means of paying a visit to one's mother—for that was Miss Toy's purpose—but it would be churlish of the readers who enjoy her book to scold her for that. It certainly affords a great deal of enjoyment. Miss Toy has the heart of a lion. She admits that occasionally during her journeys she has felt "panic, blind fear, when I ceased to reason coherently." One of those times was in the Malayan jungle, and she writes of it frankly:

For those who like deserts, their freedom and independence, the jungle is oppressive. There is a silence, but of a different kind, a crowded silence. The desert has only one eye and I like to think it is God's, but the enclosed, humid, almost translucent jungle has a thousand eyes, though nothing stirs. It is a sweltering, suspicious place, and often when I stopped to move a bamboo trunk out of the way or to try to define the track, the weight of it seemed to bear down on me.

But she makes nothing of an attempted hold-up on her first night in Iran; it was the brigands who got the surprise. She herself had been born in Australia, and part of the interest lies in her comments on the country after a prolonged absence. Australian history, she writes,

was easy for us children because it started right here where we were learning it. We could visualise Captain Cook sailing along the coast in 1770 and we enjoyed the story of the First Fleet of eleven ships that arrived seventeen years later, bristling with settlers and convicts. The convicts, in my opinion, were a wishy-washy lot, for they had all been convicted, I gathered, for stealing a loaf of bread. I could think of far more exciting things to steal.

Whether she is rejecting the advances of young Yugoslavs, or sampling the entertainment of an opium den, no one could accuse Miss Toy of being a dull or conventional tourist. Her book is as lively as her own personality.

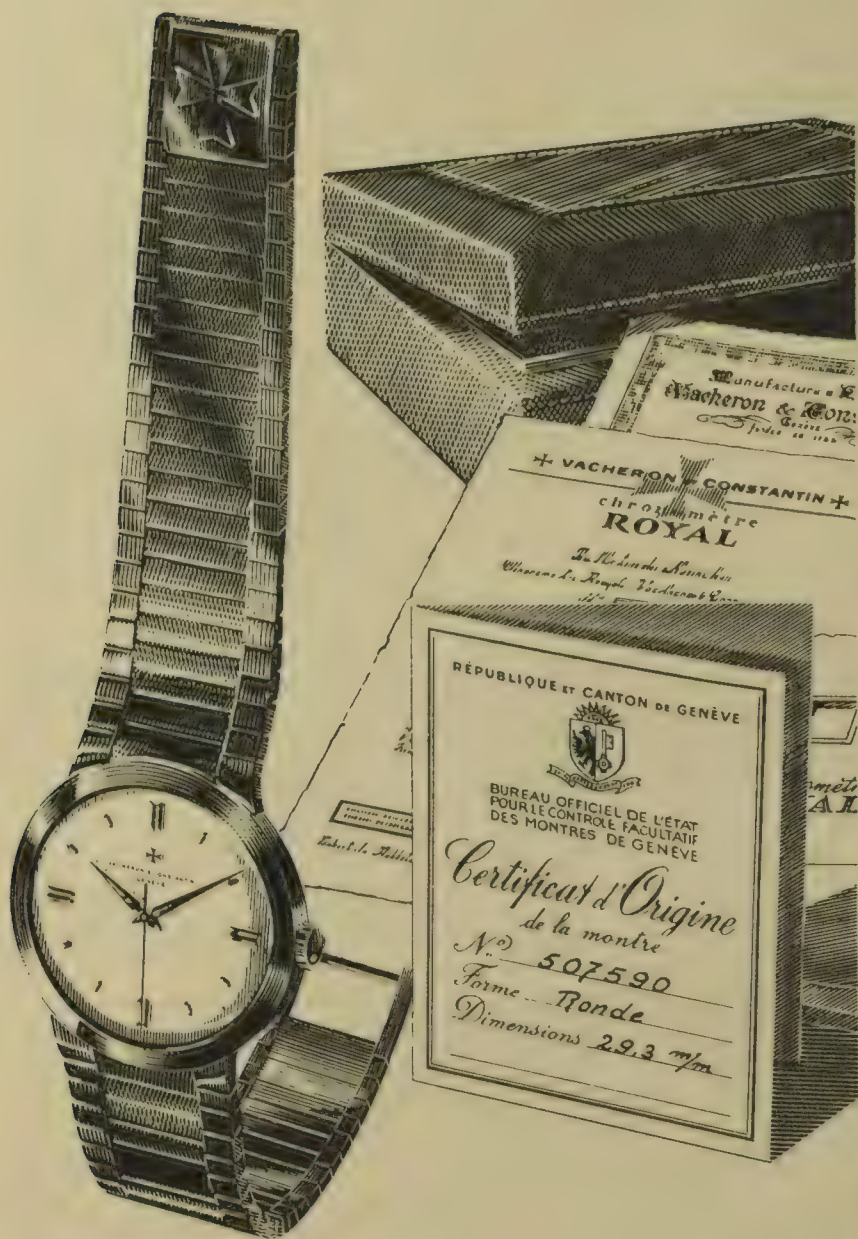
Some of the reverse to Miss Toy's picture can be found in Mr. Willard Price's "Innocents in Britain" (Heinemann; 21s.). I am not at all sure that this book deserves much of a success in this country. Mr. Price and his wife have travelled up and down Britain, following the Thames from its source to Southend, exploring the West Country, Wales, the Highlands of Scotland and the East Coast of England. Mr. Price, too, is an experienced traveller who writes well of what he sees. But to my mind, the book has two main defects. It contains a good deal of information which might interest American readers, but which the English will find totally unnecessary, and although this information is quite accurate so far as it goes, it is all just a fraction "off beam." This is unfortunate, because there is so much in the book which is entertaining, good-humoured and well worth reading.

There is a distinct flavour of Ruritania about "With a King in the Clouds," by Erika Leuchttag (Hutchinson; 18s.). It tells the story of King Tribhuvana of Nepal, who was kept practically a prisoner in his palace, the "Happy Cottage," by the wicked Rana aristocracy. When Miss Leuchttag came on the scene—she is a physiotherapist, who had accepted a contract to give treatment to the Senior Queen—the King had already begun to

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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

WHEN I was looking round the large collection of Old Master Drawings gathered together in the second half of the eighteenth century by John Skippe, of Overbury, near Ledbury, which Christie's sold last week—probably the last eighteenth-century accumulation of this character remaining in private hands—I was marvelling at the opportunities which presented themselves at that time to the wanderer in Italy. In those days, even if you were not very knowledgeable, you could scarcely avoid picking up something by a great painter, provided you were sufficiently enthusiastic, and for very little; the obverse of the medal was to be seen when you found yourself hard up and tried to sell some of your purchases. The truth of the matter is that nowadays we are so busy envying collectors of the past (who could, had they wished, buy Guardi drawings for 6d. or 1s. each) that we forget that we are probably just as blind to-day—as indeed our grandfathers were half a century ago when they failed to buy Impressionists.

What we conveniently forget, if we make a habit of deploring the shortage of fine things which come on the market in modern times, is the narrow range of works of art which, in the eighteenth century, were considered worth the attention of a man of taste and the difficulties which faced him in their pursuit—the long, wearisome days of travel, the indifferent inns, the lack of any considerable standards of comparison, the sketchy notions all but a few had of the development

of the arts generally. Compared to our own it was a world of a very few enthusiasts (to whom we owe an immense debt) who pioneered a path by guess and by God through a jungle of indifference, aided by amateurish agents who were occasionally gifted with a flair for a thing of quality. The market was so small that dealers in works of art were a mere handful—and if anyone who may glance at this page jumps to the conclusion that the fewer dealers the better, let him think again, for there can be no collection great or small brought together during the past hundred years—whether of paintings or bronzes or ceramics or what have you—which has not depended for much of its quality (and sometimes for the whole) upon the advice, help and general good offices of some dealer or other.

It is the dealers who scour the earth for fine things, who save the buyer innumerable frustrations, who—if he is not over-headstrong—save him from plunging headlong into pits dug for him by the unscrupulous; and the fact that an occasional black sheep finds a place in the flock is no reflection upon the remainder. But meanwhile all honour to the many quiet country gentlemen like John Skippe, who, in the 1770's and 1780's, braved such joltings over rough roads, bad cooking and multitudes of fleas to get together his 300 or 400 drawings, now scattered among modern men who may know more about the history of art, but are not more devoted to its pursuit, or necessarily gifted with a more sensitive eye.



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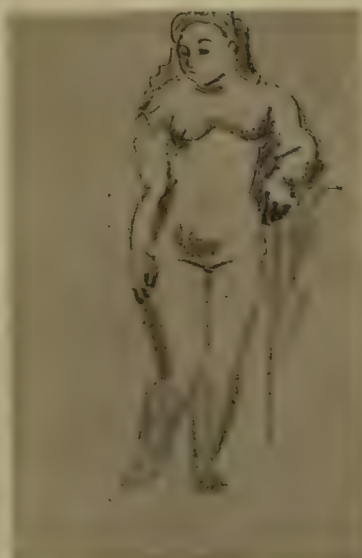


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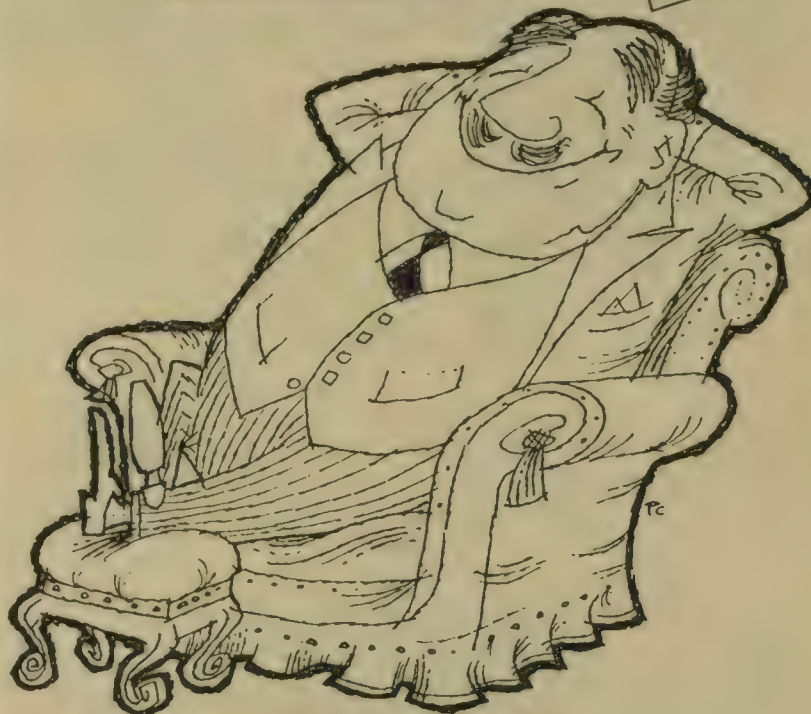


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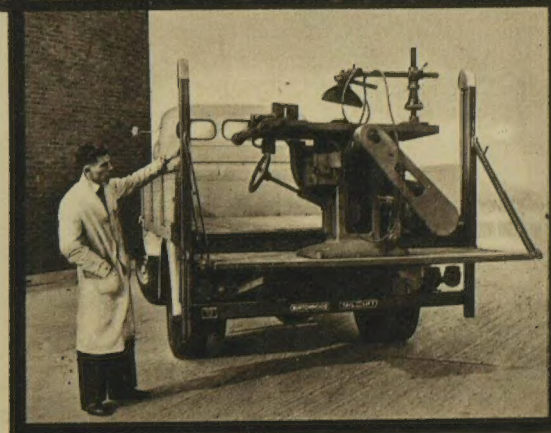
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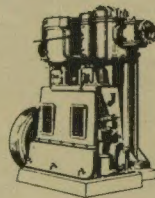
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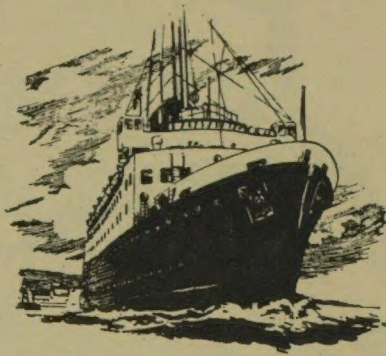
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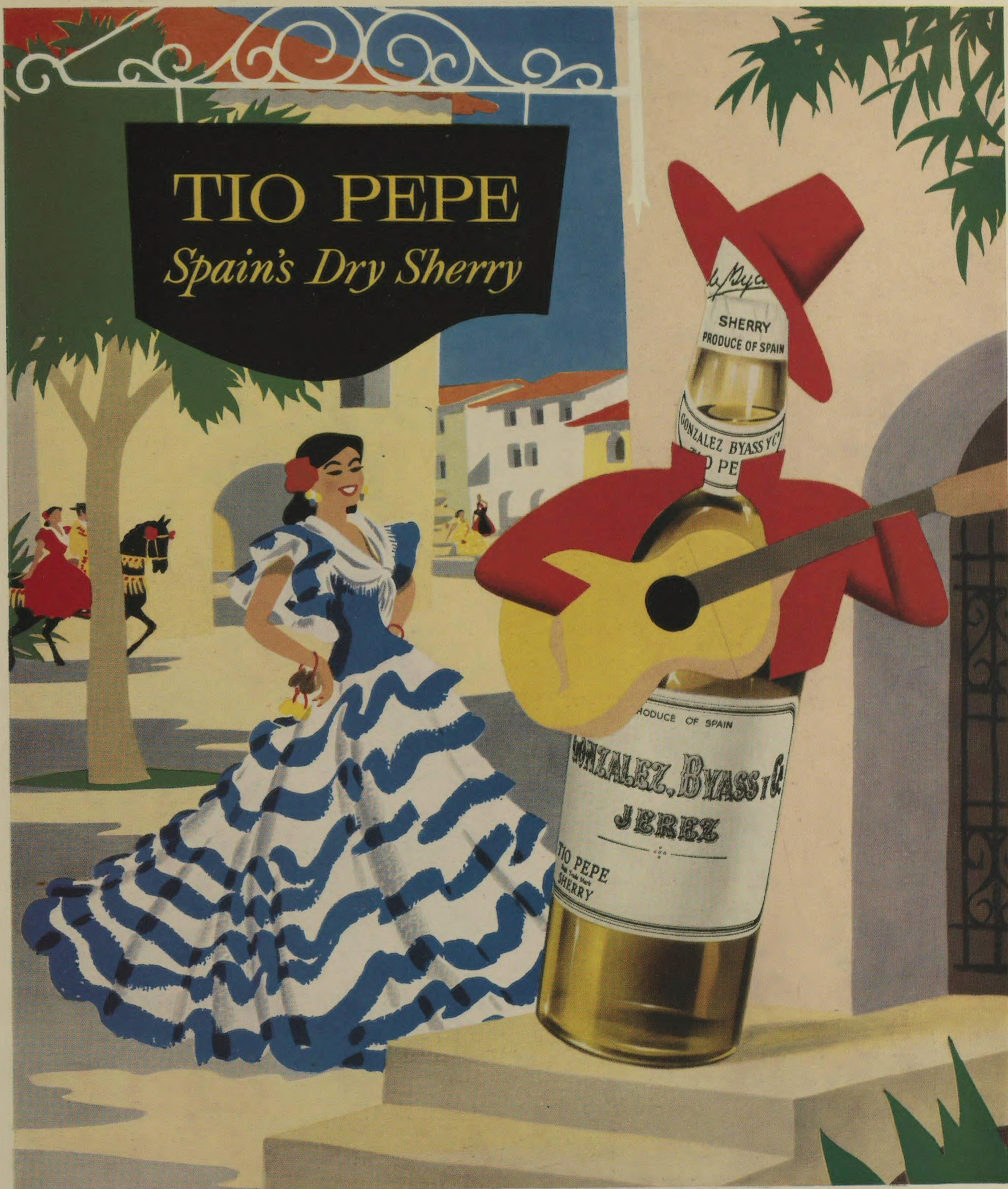


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